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Songs of the Son of Isai

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SONGS OF THE SON OF ISAI

A Metrical Arrangement of the Psalms of David

BY

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER



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TO
MY BROTHER ROBERT

MY IDEAL OF A PARISH PRIEST, WHOSE
HOUSE WAS MY HOME FOR MANY YEARS,
WHOSE COMPANIONSHIP WAS MY ED-
UCATION, AND WHOSE REVERENT LOVE
FOR THE "HOLY WRITINGS" WAS
THE INSPIRATION FOR THIS WORK

FOREWORD

This metrical arrangement of the Psalms is far from being a complete reproduction of all their beauty and spirit, but as a light wind, blowing over a garden of roses, may carry to the traveller a breath of fragrance that may cause him to lift his eyes to the beauty of the whole garden, so these simple verses may awaken interest in the breasts of the lovers of the beautiful and true, and bring them into more intimate relation with the Psalms themselves.

AUTHORSHIP OF THE PSALMS

The Psalms of David were called Tehillim,—that is, “songs of praise,”—in the Hebrew. They are not only the very heart throbs of a great people, but the vehicle of many revelations from God to man. The light of prophecy gleams starlike through the stately verses. What visions illumed the mind of him who wrote a thousand years before the coming of our Lord:

“The councils of the malignant have besieged me;

“They dug my hands and feet, and they numbered all my bones.

“They looked and stared at me; they parted my garments among them, and on my vesture they cast lots.”

The Psalms of David are songs of the relations of God and man, and might be arranged in three groups. In the first and by far the largest, the dominant note is that of worship. The second is purely instructive; while the third, though partaking of the qualities of worship and instruction, is more strongly one of praise.

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With the songs of worship the name of David is associated; he is the only character in history to whom we can logically ascribe them. David is the high priest of human emotions. His hymns are not addressed to the people, but to God. They are a religious rite. Into the flaming censer of his soul he gathers the hopes, the fears, the desires, of his people, and swings it before the throne of the Most High. He walks on the greatest heights or the lowest depths of joy or grief. He bends the forces of nature to the worship of the Creator,—the lightning, fire, frost and cold, the thunder and the rumblings of the sea. Every act of God is wonderful, admirable; He touches the mountains and they smoke; He rides on the wings of the wind. Psalm 17, part of which appears in II Kings, is a type of the poetry that can be ascribed to David only.

Other songs, on account of their great merit, came to be added to the collection that bears the name of the Psalmist of Israel. With this second group appears the name of Asaph. There was in the time of David himself an Asaph of such fame that he was called upon to sing the hymn that commemorated the entry of the ark into Jerusalem (Par. I, Chap. XVI). This hymn is the keynote to the whole group of songs of instructions which we attribute to Asaph:

“Make known His doings.” “Relate all His wondrous works.” Asaph was the learned clerk, the schoolmaster, in Israel. Psalm 77 might be considered a type of his style and matter.

With the third group appears the name of the sons of Core. This is not the Core of evil fame who went down with Dathan and Abiron, but rather the one mentioned in Par. I, Chap. IX: “But Sellum, the son of Core, with his father’s house, the Corites, were over the works of the service, keepers of the gates of the tabernacle.” Those Levites, waiting before the gates of the tabernacle, chastened by the captivity from which they had lately escaped, might well have sung: “As panteth the hart for the flowing brook, so my soul for Thee, O Lord.” Or that other that fits itself into the metre of a strange tongue as easily as water to the vessel that holds it:

“How fair Thy tabernacles, Lord;
 My spirit faints away
 With longing for the courts of God
 And Thine eternal day.”

Psalm 136, though evidently written after the captivity, could hardly be the work of the gentle Corites. The name of Jeremias is connected with it.

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A splendid hymn bears the name of Moses. The line, "We rejoice for the day Thou hast humbled us, for the years when we felt Thy rod" (Psalm 89), might well be written by the great law-giver, for none knew better than he how much suffering and how many scourges were necessary to keep his stiff-necked people in the path of righteousness.

The names of Solomon, Idithum, and Ethan, the Ezrahite, appear in connection with a few of the Psalms, and others bear no name whatever.

In the Psalms of David we have not only a picture of the man, but of his time and of his people; his virtues are the virtues of Israel,—faith, zeal, love, and reverence; these are the qualities that make the Psalms what they are. Their sublimity is as high above all other singing as heaven is above earth, as faith is above unfaith.

Homer, the psalmist of the Greeks, had wandered too far from the source of true inspiration. With all his genius he never rose above the earth; his gods are all men, and he is never able to accord them reverence, that highest tribute of the human heart. With David, God was God,—supreme, incomparable. His soul swelled upward in crystal waves of harmony to break about the pillars of His throne. The

clear skies of Juda were the text-books of his theology. "I will behold the heavens, the work of Thy fingers; and the moon and the stars which Thou hast founded." Never in the history of man was there a soul more closely knit with his Creator. "In my zeal," he says, "I wept, because they would not understand Thy law."

Psalm 118, though it does not bear his name, is a mirror of the soul of such a boy as David must have been, and is very possibly his earliest work. The plan of the poem suggests a youthful muse, a little cluster of verses woven round each letter of the alphabet. The writer acknowledges his youth in the line: "I am young and despised, but I forgot not Thy justifications." He is burning with desire to know the will of God: "I opened my mouth and panted, because I longed for Thy commandments." This verse from the heart of the boy predicates the deep repentance of the man when he fell into grievous sin: "I have gone astray like a sheep that is lost. Seek thy servant, for I have not forgotten Thy commandments." Thus the shepherd boy conversed with "nobler than kings" as he herded his flocks on the fields about Bethlehem.

Into the midst of this simple life came Samuel. "And he chose David from among his

brethren," and he blessed him, pouring oil upon his head. The boy returned to his flocks, not knowing that he had been anointed king. The days passed and David sang to his sheep, perhaps the very hymns that today enrich the Christian liturgy, until a message came for him to repair to the court of the king.

This is the picture that the holy writings give of David at that time, the words are from the mouth of one of Saul's courtiers: "Behold! I have seen a son of Isai, the Bethlehemite, a skillful player, and one of great strength, and a man fit for war, and prudent in his words, and of a comely person, and the Lord is with him."

David came to the court of the king, and his songs soothed the unhappy Saul as they have soothed many a restless heart since; but, war breaking out, his older brothers were called to arms, and David returned to help his aged father with the flocks. Isai was anxious for news from his sons, and knowing that the king's troops were encamped over against the grove of the turpentine trees, he sent David carrying presents to inquire for them.

Here the boy saw the proud Goliath stalk out and insult the cowering children of Israel, here he heard the whispered chatterings of the frightened men: "Saul would give great riches,

exemption from taxes, his daughter in marriage" to the man who would take up the challenge of the proud Philistine.

David's wrath knew no bounds, he thought only of the insult offered to the army of the living God. The want of faith in his own people enraged him. "What," he cried, "what shall be given to the man who shall kill this Philistine, and take away this reproach from Israel?" "Who," he cried, "is this uncircumcised Philistine that he should destroy the army of the living God?"

His brothers were angry at him, for his fearless bearing was a reproach to them as well as to the whole army, but he only cried out, "What have I done? Have I not cause to speak?"

Taken before Saul he pleaded for a chance to go out against Goliath. He told of his prowess, when with his bare hands he killed the lion and the bear that came to attack his father's sheep. David is no boaster, otherwise he would have told that story to the king when he was at court, for it was a very wonderful feat. He only tells it now for sake of argument, and, seeing the king still undecided, he continues, "The Lord that saved me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." And Saul said, "Go, and the Lord be with you."

David fought the battle of the Lord that day. He scorned all human contrivance for defense; he begged to lay aside the armor of the king with which he would have clothed him; his faith was his shield. There was no fear in his heart. He answers Goliath with defiance, "You come out with a sword and a spear and a shield, but I come in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, which thou hast defied, and all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with the sword and the spear; for it is His battle, and He shall deliver thee into our hands." The stone whizzed from the sling. The giant stopped, swayed, and fell along the field.

This scene was flashed upon the film of history a thousand years before the Christian era, but it is as fresh in men's minds today as it was when the daughters of Israel sang, "Saul killed his thousands, but David his tens of thousands," and so will it stand tomorrow as today, for does not every son of Adam meet his Goliath in the terebinth vale of youth. May he remember in that day that the Lord saves not by the sword or the spear, and that it is His battle.

After the death of Goliath, David returned to the court of Saul, but the king's jealousy increased daily against him, and several times he sought his life. The only bright spot in his

existence was the love that sprang up between him and Jonathan, but Jonathan was not able to soften his father's heart toward his friend.

Saul's offer of his daughter to David in marriage was only a trap, for he made it conditional to the young man delivering to him an hundred foreskins of the Philistines, in the hope that he might lose his life in the fulfilment of the task. David returned with two hundred foreskins, and yet the king espoused his daughter to Hadriel the Molathite.

This daughter Merob was the mother of the five sons who were delivered to the Gabaonites to be crucified, together with the two sons that Respha, the daughter of Aia, bore to Saul. They are accounted as the sons of Michol in II Kings, perhaps because they were raised in her house. Michol, who was a younger daughter, became the wife of David, but after his flight from the house of Saul, her father espoused her to Phaltiel the son of Lais, with whom she abode until her brother Isboseth restored her to David, II Kings, Chapter 3.

As the king's jealousy increased, David, on the advice of Jonathan, fled into the hills. For years he led a wild nomadic life in company with a few trusty followers, sometimes fighting the battles for Gentile kings in the neighboring countries. His brothers threw in their fortune

with him, and his father and mother he left for safety with the king of Moab.

These were the days of David's poverty and fear, but they were rich with the faith and love of God. He prays to be delivered from his enemies, but they are often the enemies of his soul rather than of his body, as in the psalm when he was in the cave (112). His fear could not have been of Saul, who was completely in his power, but rather of the crime of slaying the "Lord's anointed" as he was urged to do by his friends. In this period of David's life he kept close to the law of God, even under the strongest temptations, as is shown in the matter of Nabal, whose wife he took for his own after her husband's death.

It is written: "And David remained in the mountains of the desert of Ziph, in a woody hill, and Saul sought him always: but the Lord delivered him out of his hands." But in the midst of these persecutions he was singing, "O God, my God, to Thee do I watch at the break of day, for Thee my soul hath thirsted. . . . I will rejoice under the covert of Thy wings. My soul hath stuck close to Thee."

Despairing of peace in the land of Saul, David took the six hundred men he had gathered about him, and fled to the king of Geth who gave him shelter and the city of Siceleg to

dwelt in. It was at Siceleg that the news was brought him of the king's death; his king, though his direst enemy and Jonathan's, his most faithful friend.

The hymn he sang on this occasion gives us a glimpse of the greatness of David's soul. His grief is noble and sincere; there is not one hint at the injuries that Saul had heaped upon him during life:

“ Consider, O Israel,
For them that are dead,
Wounded in the high places
The illustrious in Israel
Are wounded in the high places:
How are the mighty fallen.”

The lines have the abruptness and the disconnection of grief. To a man like David it must have been a sorrow indeed, that the anointed king of God's chosen people should have failed so far of God's plans and his own early promise.

To the men of Jabes Galaad, who walked all night and took the bodies of Saul and his sons from the walls of Bethsan and brought them to their own woods and buried them there, David sent his messengers with his blessing, “ Blessed be you to the Lord who have shown this mercy to your master, Saul.” It is notable, in these wild times, that the men of Jabes Galaad were

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paying a debt of gratitude to Saul, who saved them from the Ammonites as the first act in his kingship, when they were condemned to each lose his right eye, as a sign of their subjugation to that wicked race.

The glory of David continued to increase, and that of the house of Saul to wither. Isboseth the son died ingloriously on his bed, slain by two faithless servants. David was declared king of Juda even before Saul's death. When Isboseth died he became king of all Israel. He moved his court from Hebron to Jerusalem, which he took by force, and there established his kingdom. The Philistines came together and rose up against him, but he smote them from Gabaa to Gezer and established peace in Israel.

At last David was able to carry out a work that he long had cherished in his heart, the recovery of the ark of the Covenant. "For," said he, "we sought it not in the days of Saul." He had heard of it in Ephrata, that is Bethlehem, his home, and he found it in the "Field of the woods," Cariathiarim.

When the ark was at last carried into Jerusalem David did not sing, his joy overflowed beyond his power of thought and he danced. The eye of Michol might reprove, the tongue might criticise; but David in the ecstasy of his heart danced on. It was the less temperamen-

tal Asaph who sang the hymn that celebrates the entry of the ark into Jerusalem.

When the great feast was over, David set to himself the task of arranging a rite for the proper care of this great treasure.

A strict observer of the law always, he put the care of the ark, the altars and the sacrifices in the hands of the old Levitical family, and he made music and song the handmaidens of religious worship, as they remain to this day, though the proud kingdom which he founded is "gone on the wind." His establishment and his contribution to the great repository of verse that bears his name are the most lasting works of his reign.

If David had died with the closing of the feast of the bringing of the ark into Jerusalem, he would have left us the model of a noble and perfect man; but he lived to be an exemplar of the great fact that no man is safe until under the stamp and seal of death.

He had reached now the height of his ambition, a dangerous eminence. He was in the prime of his manhood, a most critical period; but instead of girding his loins for the battle, he day by day relaxed into the lap of luxury as though his work was done. Whose voice sounded a retreat for David? Did God make him king of all Israel for his pleasure? Where

are the hymns that prevented the morning? Where are the sevenfold prayers that sanctified the day? His harp is silent and his tongue is dumb as he drifts on waves of pleasure over the years of his prime. The only Psalm that can be associated with him at this period is the hundredth. It is his work but not his old spirit of praise, thanksgiving, and prayer. It is the word of a man who would dare to raise his head and judge his neighbor.

It was on the broad highway of life, between thirty and fifty, that David lost the garnered innocence of his youth. The man who sang, "Blessed be my Lord and my God, who teachest my hands to fight, and my fingers to war," is satisfied to sit in his luxurious home while another leads the armies of the Lord out to battle. And here sin found him unprepared; for the beauty of a woman who belonged to another, he turns his back on God.

There is something awful in the devastation that sin works in the soul. David is at once robbed of those virtues which he prized beyond price,—honor, justice, manliness,—nay, God Himself was blotted from before his eyes. The noble David now like a thief steals away the honor of his faithful soldier and servant, and like a thief plots to cover up his crimes, and failing in this, he does not hesitate to spill the

blood of the innocent by the sword of the children of Ammon.

God's mercy alone can reach David in the pit which he has digged for himself. He reaches down for him through His servant Nathan. This interview between Nathan and the king with its climax, "Thou art the man," is one of the most dramatic scenes in history.

David's soul stands naked before him; and David said to Nathan, "I have sinned against the Lord." And Nathan said to David, "The Lord hath taken away thy sin: thou shalt not die." But the incident was not closed. He was not to die, but the penalty of his sin was to be paid to the last farthing.

David now comprehended so clearly the baseness of his conduct that when the scourges of God fell on his back like hail he never questioned the justice of his punishment. For the neglect of his children, he suffered disgrace by them. For the dishonor he wrought his servant Uriah in secret, he was dishonored by his own son in the light of day. For the ruthless breaking of the bonds of human love between man and wife, his beloved Absalom was murdered by his own general. He was driven out of the city he builded and into which he brought the ark that glorious day.

He went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet

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weeping and walking barefooted to atone for his walks in the flowery paths of sin. And when he came to Bahurin, Semei of the race of Jemini came out and cursed him and threw stones, and called, "Come out! Come out! thou man of Belial, and thou man of blood." And the proud warrior David said, "Let him alone, and let him curse, for the Lord hath bid him to curse David, and who is he that shall dare to say why he hath done it."

In these days David went back to the harp for his consolation, but his songs are the saddest that ever burst from an aching human heart:

"Thine arrows are fastened in me; and Thy hand presseth heavily upon me.

"There is no health in my flesh because of Thy wrath; there is no rest in my bones because of my sins.

"Day and night Thy hand is heavy upon me:

"I am turned in mine anguish while the thorn is fastened.

"Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy sight no man living is justified."

His heart goes back to the days of his friendship with God and he sings, "Blessed is the man to whom the Lord hath not imputed sin, and in whose heart there is no guile."

In these latter days David cast off the sloth

that was creeping upon him and returned to the duties of his state. He led his men to war until the weakening signs of old age warned his officers that his day was over. The close of his life was shadowed by the uprising against him of his son Adonais. Among his parting injunctions to his son Solomon was, "Be a man."

He laid down his burden at the age of seventy years, having ruled seven years in Hebron and thirty-three in Jerusalem.

SONGS OF THE
SON OF ISAI

PSALM 1

BLESSED is the man who has not walked
Along ungodly ways,
Nor made his home with those who sin,
Nor with them passed his days ;

But fixed his will upon the law
In meditation deep,
And found God in the garish day
Or in the time of sleep.

He shall be like the fruitful tree,
Fed by the running streams,
That holds its own against the blast
And with its fruitage teems.

Not so the wicked ; like the dust
The wind drives to the sea,
They shall not rise to judge again,
Nor in the councils be.

Forever in the eye of God
The just man's ways lie bare ;
The wicked shall be cast away,—
Their works he shall not spare.

PSALM 2

WHY have the angry Gentiles raged,
And kings and princes planned
Against the Lord — against His Christ
To raise a wicked hand?

For He that dwelleth in the sky
Their counsels shall deride,
And with the lightning of His glance
To dust shall turn their pride.

The Lord has set me as a king
Above His holy place,
And from Mount Sion bids me teach
His law unto the race.

He saith: "Thou art My son — this day
Have I begotten thee;
To rule the utmost bounds of earth
Is thine to ask of Me.

"And rule thou with an iron rod;
And judge and king shall bow
With fear and trembling at My word,
Lest anger cloud My brow."

But blessed are those who trust in God,
They rest secure from harm;
For them the lightning striketh not,
His wrath brings no alarm.

PSALM 3

WHY are they multiplied, O Lord,
Who worketh wrong to me —
Whose voices whisper in my ear:
“ There is no hope for thee? ”

But Thou, O Lord, wilt raise my head;
Thou art my help and cheer.
And when I lift my voice to Thee
I know that Thou wilt hear.

Now I will sleep and take my rest,
And rise when night is flown,
Because the Lord's protecting arm
Is round about me thrown.

I will not fear a thousand foes
While in Thee is my trust;
For Thou canst strike them in Thy might
And roll them in the dust.

Salvation is of Thee, O Lord,
Who ruleth earth and sky;
And blessings on the people rest
Who unto Thee draw nigh.

PSALM 4

WHEN I have called, the God of truth
Hath lent an ear to me;
And when distress doth gird me round,
I to His mercy flee.

O sons of men, how long will ye
Be vain and dull of heart,
And follow foolish things of earth
And seek the liar's art!

Know ye that wonderous the Lord
Hath made His holy one,
And He shall hear me when I pray
That justice may be done.

Be angry, but not unto sin.
If in your hearts be said
Some idle, vain, and foolish thing,
Repent ye in your bed.

The light from out Thy countenance
Is signed upon my face.
Thou givest gladness to my heart
And crown'st me with Thy grace.

PSALM 5

GIVE ear, O Lord, unto my word
And understand my cry,
And hearken to my earnest prayer,
O King and Lord most high!

For I will pray to Thee, O Lord,
And in the morning dew
Bowed down before Thy holy throne,
My prayer I will renew.

The wicked shall not near Thee dwell
Because Thou hatest guilt,
And liars flee before Thy face,
And those who blood have spilt.

But of Thy mercy lead Thou me
Within Thy house to pray;
My face toward Thy temple bend
And make me know Thy way.

There is no truth within their mouths,
Death sits their throats within;
By their devices let them fall
Who proved Thy wrath by sin.

Let them be glad that hope in Thee;
Thy name with love shall fill
Their hearts, for on them Thou hast set
The crown of Thy good will.

PSALM 6

LORD, in Thine anger and Thy wrath
Chastise me not,
For sorrow sits all day with me,
Grief is my lot.

How long, O Lord, O Lord, how long
Turn'st Thou from me?
Death creepeth nearer every day —
I call on Thee.

For none can call to Thee from hell;
While life remains,
With groanings will I strive to break
Of sin the chains.

My couch I water with my tears,
Mine eyes with rage
Are troubled, and among my foes
I meet old age.

Depart from me, ye sinful ones;
God hears my voice;
And be ye straightway turned to shame
While I rejoice.

PSALM 7

My trust is in Thee, Lord. Thy help
Against the foe I crave,
Lest they as lions rush on me
When none is there to save.

If I have done ill deeds, O Lord,
And evil in my day,
Then let the foe rejoice o'er me
And crush me in the way!

But in Thy justice judge me, Lord.
The sinner's wiles and arts
Are brought to naught before Thy face
Who searchest reins and hearts.

My God is just and strong and good,
Not quickly moved to wrath;
But for the wicked, vengeance sure
And swift stands in their path.

Behold, the wicked make a pit;
But who shall fall therein?
And sorrow is the robe and crown
Of him who walks with sin.

But I the praise of God will speak
And on His justice cry,
And call with joy upon His name,—
The God and Lord most high.

PSALM 8

O LORD, how wondrous is Thy name!
The wide earth cannot hold Thy fame,
And far above the arching sky
Rises sublime Thy majesty.
From infants' mouths of tender days,
O Lord, hast Thou perfected praise;
For weakness in Thy hand is made
Against the foe a shield and blade.
And I will look on heaven's blue dome,
Of sun and moon and stars the home,
All in their proper courses stayed,
And each one by Thy fingers made
For man's delight. And who is man
That he is first within Thy plan?
Thy hand didst glory round him fling;
Thou mad'st him of Thy works the king —
The sheep and oxen of the field,
The wild beasts even, to him yield,
The birds that circle far and free,
The fish that cleave the briny sea.
O Lord, the wonders of Thy name
The earth and sea and sky proclaim.

PSALM 9

LET me give praise to Thee, O Lord,
Let me relate Thy wondrous ways,
Let me rejoice through all my days.
My foes shall flee before Thy word.

Who judgest justice from Thy throne.
The Gentiles shall be put to shame,
And blotted out without a name;
Their swords be sheathed, their towns o'er-
thrown.

The Lord remaineth evermore;
He hath prepared His throne on high,
And He shall rule in equity;
He is the refuge of the poor.

Their help is ever in His name;
He will not leave them to their foes,
But will require their blood of those
Who slew and made them suffer shame.

Thy fame forever shall I sing,
O Thou who from death's gates didst raise
Me up that I might sing Thy praise
Unto the daughters of the king.

The wicked ones have spread a net,
But they will fall into the snare
Which with their hands they did prepare
And for another's feet had set.

The Gentiles shall go down to hell,
And nations that their God forget ;
The just shall be remembered yet,
And with the poor all shall be well.

Let not the foe in strength again
Increase, but let the Gentiles sit
Before the judges and submit
That they may know they are but men.

PSALM 10

(In the Hebrew)

WHY hast Thou, Lord, retired afar?
Why dost Thou slight us in our wants
And times of trouble, when the taunts
Of wicked men so galling are?

The sinner hath provoked God's wrath,
To seek Him out he will not try.
His fear is not before his eye;
His feet tread in a filthy path.

To judgment, lo! his eyes are blind.
The just fall down before his rage;
He hopes to live from age to age,
Nor evil in his day to find.

His mouth with curses overflows;
Beneath his tongue deceit is pent.
He waits to kill the innocent
In ambush with the poor man's foes.

His eye is on the poor man set,
And like a lion in his den
He watches the approach of men
That he may seize them in his net.

For who the poor man shall defend?
Forgotten is his name and race,
And God has turned away His face —
He does not wish to see the end.

Arise, O Lord, and show Thy strength;
The wicked hath provoked Thine ire,
But Thou the reckoning wilt require;
The poor man shall be saved at length.

For art Thou not the orphan's friend?
Break Thou the armor of the foe!
His sins shall bring the sinner low,
But Thou shalt reign unto the end.

PSALM 10

O LORD, I put my trust in Thee,
But wherefore dost Thou bid me flee
Into the mountains far away
As wings the sparrow lone and gray?
The wicked on me bows have bent,
Their arrows soon they will have sent;
In darkness they prepare the dart
To strike the just man to the heart.
But Thou, Lord, from Thy holy place
Thine eye seeks out the poor man's face,
And Thou shalt judge between, O Lord,
The just and those that scorn Thy word.
Upon the sinner snares shall rain;
He brimstone storms and wind shall drain
From out his cup, but Thou shalt bless
The just who loveth righteousness.

PSALM 11

SAVE me, O Lord, for lo! my lot
Is cast upon an evil day.
The saints no more are seen on earth,
And truth is fallen to decay.

Each man unto his neighbor speaks
With lying tongue and double heart.
O Lord, destroy those boastful ones
Who speak proud things and stand apart.

The Lord hath said, "I will arise.
My people's groans come up to me;
The poor no more shall cry in vain,
But placed in safety shall be."

O word of God, how pure, how pure,
As silver seven times tried in flame!
Thou wilt preserve us to the end
Who call upon Thy holy name.

PSALM 12

How long, O Lord, wilt Thou forget
And turn away Thy face?
Wilt Thou forget me to the end,
Nor show me hope nor grace?

How long must I within my heart
Take counsel with my grief,
And see the foe exult o'er me?
Come, Lord, to my relief.

Oh! light give to my weary eyes,
Lest they in death should fail,
And foes above my fallen head
Should boast that they prevail!

The enemies who watch my steps
Rejoice when I am moved;
But I will put my trust in Thee
Whose mercy I have proved.

PSALM 13

WITHIN his heart the fool hath said,
"There is no God," and goes his ways
And worketh evil all his days,
And by corruption he is led.

The Lord bends down from heaven above
To hear His children cry to Him,
But all the world with vice is dim,
And no one knows or seeks His love.

But all are gone aside from truth,
And wholly profitless are grown;
To do good there is none, not one,
And none to ask for grace or ruth.

Their throats are like an opened grave;
Their lying tongues with poisons reek;
Their feet for blood are quick to seek;
Their mouths are formed to curse and rave.

Destruction lies before their face;
The ways of truth they do not prize;
God's fear is not before their eyes;
They eat as bread our suffering race.

They call not on God's holy name,
But they have trembled with false fear;
And soon Thy justice shall appear
To Jacob's joy and Israel's fame.

PSALM 14

O LORD of hosts, show us who will
Dwell with Thee on Thy holy hill:
He that walketh without blame
And worketh justice in Thy name;
Who speaketh with a guileless heart;
Whose tongue in lying has no part;
Who seeketh not a neighbor's ills,
Nor with reproach a brother fills.
The sinner quails before his eyes;
Who feareth God, he glorifies;
His word once passed is true as gold;
With bribes he is not bought or sold,
Nor money puts at usury:
Such in Thy house will dwell with Thee.

PSALM 15

PRESERVE me, Lord, unto the end!
I put my trust in Thee,
For Thou wilt save me by Thy grace
Who hast no need of me.

The holy ones within the land
Were brought to succour me;
The scourge was laid upon their backs
And they came hastily.

I will not count their offerings,
Their names I need not speak.
The Lord is my inheritance
And shall I further seek?

The lines have fallen unto me
In places good and fair,
And I will daily bless the Lord
Whose hand has placed me there.

The Lord is ever by my side,
He guideth my right hand.
I rest in hope and sing His praise
Abroad through all the land.

My soul shall not go down to death,
Nor body to decay;
Thy countenance shall be my light
And my eternal day.

PSALM 16

OH listen, Lord, unto my plea!
Give ear unto my prayer
That cometh forth from guileless lips;
Thy judgment I can bear.

For Thou, O Lord, hast proved my heart
In visits of the night,
When expectation slept, and I
Was sinless in Thy sight.

My tongue shall serve but Thee, O Lord,
And praise Thee all my days,
Though in Thy service I must walk
In hard and painful ways.

Oh, make me perfect in Thy path;
Incline to me Thine ear;
And let me call upon Thy name,
For Thou, O Lord, wilt hear.

Unto the shadow of Thy wing
In danger let me fly,
And guard me as Thou guardest, Lord,
The apple of Thine eye.

The proud and heartless enemy
Has cast me forth to die,
And like a lion's helpless prey
Before the foe I lie.

Arise, my God, and save my soul;
And from the just divide
The wicked ones who seize Thy stores
While they Thy name deride.

Their many children they enrich,
But not with godly fear;
But as for me, I wait the hour
Thy glory shall appear.

PSALM 17

WITH all my strength I praise the Lord —
The roof and crown of my desires,
The height to which my soul aspires ;
My hope and refuge is His word.

And praising on His name I call,
For I have been to death a prey ;
And streams of sin enclosed my way ;
Hell spread her nets to meet my fall.

In my distress I called on Him ;
And seated in His holy place,
My cry went up before His face ;
The earth shook to its utmost rim.

The mountains trembled to their base
Because His mighty wrath was stirred ;
With smoke the heavens above were blurred ;
And fire came flashing from His face.

He bowed to earth the arching blue,
And darkness lay about His feet ;
He rode a wingéd angel fleet,
And through the wind and rain clouds flew.

Clouds fled before His face in gloom ;
The heavens wept coals of fire and hail ;
And forkéd lightning left its trail.
The splintered earth gaped like a tomb.

At Thy rebuke, O Lord ; and then
Thou raised me from the foaming flood,
And saved me from the viper brood,
And gave me life and hope again.

He led me into open fields
Because that He was pleased with me.
He will reward accordingly,
For unto vice I did not yield.

Like unto those with whom we walk
We shape our lives ; and vice flies far
If sages our companions are ;
But perverse ones will virtue mock.

The Lord shall light me through the land ;
And in the dust His power shall lay
The walls that tower before my way ;
He leads His children by the hand.

And strength within my feet doth grow ;
And swiftly as the mountain deer,
My heart leaps with a scorn of fear,
My arms are like the brazen bow.

Thy strong right hand correcteth me,
And in Thy discipline is strength ;
I will o'ertake my foes at length,
My foot shall grind the enemy.

They shall cry out, but none shall hear,
And unto dust they shall be beat,
Or spurned like dirt upon the street,
But with Thy help I shall not fear.

I taught the stranger to obey
And hearken unto my command.
Their children lied; and from the land
They faded soon and passed away.

Now I will raise my voice and sing
Unto the Lord that helpeth me,
The Lord who giveth victory
And over nations sets me king.

PSALM 18

UPON the scroll of arching blue
God writes His glories. Every star
Shows forth His works; the moon and sun
In streams of splendor fling afar.

The story of His mighty power;
Day unto day declares His might.
As floods of light sweep o'er the land,
Night speaks His name unto the night.

His glory spreads through all the world;
His bridal chamber is the sun;
His eyes flash from the east to west,
And none can from his presence run.

The law of God unspotted is,
And little ones His wonders know.
His justice gladdens every heart,
And makes the eyes with rapture glow.

The fear of God is holy fear.
The judgments of the Lord are true —
More precious far than gold and gems,
And sweeter than the honey dew.

From secret sins cleanse me, O Lord,
And make me without spot or stain.
Teach me to think upon Thy ways
And sing the glories of Thy reign.

PSALM 19

WHEN in distress upon the Lord
Thou callest, may He hear,
And may the name of Jacob's God
To thee be shield and spear.

May He accept thy sacrifice
And give thee thy desire,
And all the counsels of thy heart
With heavenly love inspire.

In Thy salvation we rejoice;
The name of God we praise;
Thy chosen ones are saved from harm.
Our voices we will raise.

And He shall hear us from His throne,
And save us by His word.
Some trust in chariots, some in steeds,
Our strength is in the Lord.

PSALM 20

IN Thy strength the king shall joy ;
His hope is in Thee, O Lord.
Thou hast given His heart's desire,
Nor withholden the spoken word.

Thou hast set on his head a crown of pearls,
He asked but life of Thee ;
But Thou hast given him length of days,
Even unto eternity.

The hope of the king is in the Lord
And his ways shall not be moved.
Thy right hand seeketh the enemy
And the strength of that hand is proved.

Thou shalt make the foe as an oven hot ;
They shall fall before Thine ire
And Thou shalt trouble them in Thy wrath ;
And they shall perish by fire.

Their fruits shall fail from the face of earth,
Their seed from the children of men,
For they plotted evil before Thy sight ;
But Thy glory endures — Amen.

PSALM 21

O LORD, my God, look down on me ;
A heavy, heavy load I bear ;
I cry by day, Thou dost not hear ;
And in the night I call on Thee.

Thou dwellest in the holy place ;
Of Israel's tribes Thou art the praise.
Our fathers served Thee all their days
Thou didst not give them to disgrace.

Crushed down to earth am I — no man —
A lonely outcast by the way ;
The people wag their heads and say,
“ Now let Him save him if He can.”

But Thou hast drawn me into life,
And in my tender infancy
And all my days Thou wert with me ;
Do not desert me in the strife.

For tribulation now is near
And there is none to reach a hand ;
The breath of brutes my face has fanned,
As ravening lions they appear.

I am poured out like water, Lord ;
My bones are scattered ; and as wax
My heart doth in my breast relax ;
My strength has failed ; I speak no word.

My tongue has cleaved unto my jaws ;
My head is bowed unto the dust ;
And dogs on me themselves have thrust ;
I am oppressed with evil laws ,

And wicked counsels hold me fast ;
They dug my hands and feet, and they
Have wagged their heads and gone their way ;
And on my vesture lots have cast .

Oh, take not Thou my help away ;
To my defense attend, O Lord ;
My soul deliver from the sword
And from the roaring beasts of prey .

I will declare, O Lord, Thy praise,
And magnify Thy holy name ;
And Jacob's seed shall loud proclaim
Thee Savior in their evil days .

My praise is in the church with Thee ;
I pay my vows before Thy sight .
Of those who fear Thee and do right,
The poorest one Thy face shall see .

And all the earth both great and small
Shall be converted to the Lord .
The Gentiles, too, shall know His word,
For His control is over all .

And all the great ones of the land
His mighty throne shall bow before ;
And all shall serve Him and adore —
A people fashioned by His hand.

PSALM 22

My shepherd is the Lord,
I shall not want;
To pastures green he leads,
And flowing font.

My soul is turned to Him;
He is my guide.
Death's shades I shall not fear
When by His side.

His rod and staff gave cheer.
Against my foes
And those who do me ill,
His table rose.

His oil runs down my hair;
His cup is sweet.
Grant me for aye to dwell
Close to His feet.

PSALM 23

THE fullness of the earth is Thine
And all that dwell therein ;
The surging water is its base,
The rivers run athwart its face,
But who shall to His holy place
Ascend or enter in ?

The innocent and clean of heart,
Whose soul is free from fraud,
Who justice to his brother shows,—
Thy blessing, Lord, upon him flows ;
For he is of the race of those
Who seek for Jacob's God.

Lift up your gates, ye princes ;
Oh, rise, eternal gates ;
For lo ! without the portal stands
The captain of the mighty bands,
The prince and ruler of the lands —
The King of glory waits.

PSALM 24

To Thee, O Lord, I lift my soul;
I put my trust in Thee;
Oh, save me from the foeman's scorn,
Nor let me shaméd be.

Show to mine eyes the paths of truth
And guide me in Thy ways,
For Thou my Savior art, and I
Have served Thee all my days.

Remember, Lord, Thy kindly love
Since Thou the world didst make;
Forget my youthful faults and sins
For Thine own mercy's sake.

The Lord is sweet and righteous,
And will e'en sinners guide;
Unto the meek He shows the way
And keeps them by His side.

The paths of God are pleasant paths
To those that seek the truth.
For Thy name's sake I call on Thee,
Though great my sins, for ruth.

Behold the man who feareth God,
He leads him by the hand;
His soul shall dwell in ease and peace,
His seed possess the land.

He is a shield unto His own,
A law unto them set;
He guards aright their straying feet
And plucks them from the net.

Oh, look in mercy on me, Lord,
For poor and lone I cry.
My cares are multiplied; save me
In my necessity.

My foes are multiplied, O Lord;
They look on me with hate;
But Thou wilt save my soul from shame
Because on Thee I wait.

PSALM 25

JUDGE me, O Lord, for I have walked
In innocence,
And I have put my trust in Thee;
Be my defence.

Prove me, O Lord; and search my heart
As fire tries;
I love the truth, and counsel not
With the unwise.

I hate the wicked and with them
Will have no part,
And I will wash my hands with these —
The clean of heart.

Before Thine altar I will come
And hear Thy praise;
I love the beauty of Thy house,
Thy glory's blaze.

Take not away my soul, O Lord,
With men of blood;
Not those whose hands are filled with gifts
Are always good.

Redeem me, Lord, for I have walked
In innocence.
My feet within Thy church hath stood;
Be my defence!

PSALM 26

THE Lord gives light unto my path,
And shall I fear the sinner's wrath?
It is the Lord that lends me aid;
Of whom, then, should I be afraid?
The wicked rush my flesh to eat,
But stumbling fall before my feet.
Though battled hosts should threaten me,
Unshaken were my trust in Thee.
One thing I beg for earnestly,
That I may ever dwell with Thee
Within Thy house, and all my days
Thy temple seek in prayer and praise;
For Thou didst hide me in Thy tent
When raging foes were round me pent;
And Thou didst raise me by Thy hand
So that the foes beneath me stand.
For this I offered glad and free
A sacrifice of jubilee.
Hear, Lord, the song I sing to Thee;
Oh, hear, and mercy show to me!
My heart, O Lord, for Thee hath sighed
And for Thy face my soul hath cried.
Turn not away from me Thy face,
Nor in Thy wrath refuse me grace.
Be Thou my helper and my friend;
Do not forsake me to the end!
Father, mother have me left;
Shall I be, too, of Thee bereft?

Set in Thy way a law for me
And save me from the enemy.
False witnesses against me rise,
Iniquity itself belies.
My faith in Thee unto me brings
The "land of life" and all good things.
Expect the Lord, do manfully.
With courage, Lord, I wait on Thee.

PSALM 27

O LORD, I lift my voice to Thee;
Then turn in silence not away
Lest I become like one of these
Who downward take their wicked way.

Hear Thou my supplications, Lord,
When I lift up my hands to Thee;
And draw me far from wicked men
And those who work iniquity.

Who speaketh to a neighbor peace
And worketh evil in his heart,
Give him according to his works,
According to his wicked art.

They would not understand His work —
The operation of His hand —
And so He shall not build them up;
They shall be swept from out the land.

Oh, let me ever praise the Lord.
He listened to my earnest prayer;
He helped me in my time of need
When I confided to His care.

Now when I flourish in my strength,
With grateful heart His praise I sing —
The help of all who call His name —
My God, my Savior, and my King!

PSALM 28

BRING the Lord thy God, O children,
Offerings worthy of His name ;
In His holy court adore Him ;
Bring Him honor, praise, and fame.

Lo, His voice is on the water
Thundering o'er the ocean wide ;
In its power it breaks the cedars
On Libanus' wooded side.

Lo, His voice divides the fire flame,
Thrills through Cades wastes of sands,
Starts the timid deer in terror,
Pierces through the forest lands.

All shall worship in His temple.
He shall hold the floods in place,
And shall reign our king forever,
And give strength unto our race.

PSALM 29

THE name of God I will extol,
For He against the foe did shield me;
And when I raised my voice to Him,
In mercy He hath heard and healed me.

My soul He rescued out of death
From those who tread perdition's mazes.
Sing to the Lord, ye holy ones;
His mercy bless and chant His praises.

His anger lasteth but a day,
His favor is life's best adorning.
Grief endureth for a night,
But joy comes in the morning.

In my abundance I was proud
And boasted naught on earth could move me;
He built me as a mountain strong,
Then turned away His face to prove me.

What profit, then, was in my strength
When death unto the pit did press me?
In hell who shall declare Thy truth,
Or shall my senseless dust confess Thee?

The Lord hath come unto my aid,
And into joy is turned my sadness;
My sackcloth He hath cast away
And hath encompassed me with gladness

That I in strength might sing His praise —
And may my voice be silent never.
Oh, let me lift my voice to Thee
And sing Thy holy name forever !

PSALM 30

IN Thee I place my trust, O Lord;
Let not my soul be put to shame;
My hope is in Thy holy name,
My place of refuge is Thy word.

And Thou wilt save me from the snare
Which they have spread before my way.
Redeem me, Lord; to Thee I pray;
I give my spirit to Thy care.

Thou hatest the vain and purposeless,
But gladly I rejoice in Thee;
Regard Thou my humility
And save my soul from out distress.

Thou hast not given me to defeat,
Nor shut me fast within the hand
Of foemen, but upon the land
In firmness Thou hast set my feet.

Have mercy, Lord; my spirit cries;
Affliction makes mine eyes o'erflow;
My life is wasted with my woe;
My years are passed away in sighs,

And poverty has drained my strength;
Pain sits in all my aching bones;
The neighbors pass with scoffs or groans;
My friends hold me in fear at length.

For when they met me by the way,
They turned and quickly from me fled;
I am accounted with the dead —
A broken cup to fling away.

I've heard the blame of those that met
When tongues of slander stirred up strife;
And they have planned to take my life
As in a council they have set.

But I have put my trust in Thee;
I stand, O Lord, at Thy command.
Oh, save me from the foeman's hand
And make Thy face to shine on me!

Oh, let me not be put to shame,
But roll the wicked in the dust
Whose lips have lied against the just,
For I have called upon Thy name!

What treasures, Lord, are stored away
For those who fear Thy majesty —
For those who put their trust in Thee
Before men's eyes, and own Thy sway!

Thou hidest them within Thy breast
From all disturbances of men,
And in Thy tabernacle when
By lying tongues they are oppressed.

Now let God's praises be my song —
His wondrous mercy unto me.
In days of my adversity
He led me to a city strong;

And when despair possessed my heart,
My supplications reached His ear.
Oh, praise the Lord, ye saints, in fear
And manfully do each your part.

PSALM 31

BLESSED is the man to whom the Lord
Hath mercy shown and cleansed from sin;
And blessed is he whose guileless heart
Before God's eyes is pure within.

In secret guilt my bones grew old;
I writhed in anguish all the day;
The thorn sunk deeper in my flesh;
Thy hand upon me heavy lay.

But I have laid my conscience bare,
My wickedness have not concealed;
I have confessed my secret sins,
And now behold, my soul is healed.

For this, let each one seek His care
In season; for when round His throne
The floods are foaming, who comes nigh,
Or who can make his troubles known?

Thou art my refuge from the toils
Of those that have encompassed me;
Give me to understand Thy will
And ever fix mine eyes on Thee.

Let me not answer to the rein
As beasts that bit and bridle bind.
Unto the sinner cometh stripes;
The just shall grace and mercy find.

PSALM 32

REJOICE, ye upright, in the Lord,
And sound His praise with harp and tongue
And psaltery ; let a song be sung,
For He is faithful to His word.

His mercy filleth all the earth ;
His word hath heaven's foundation laid,
And all the powers that move it made,
And given the mighty waters birth.

Then let us walk the earth in fear.
We are the creatures of His breath ;
His word drew us from ancient death ;
The plots of men as naught appear.

The laws of God shall ever stand.
Who bows before His holy throne —
Whom He hath chosen for His own —
Is blessed throughout all the land.

And from His throne in heaven high
He looks on all and sees men's hearts ;
He made them and He knows their arts ;
He watches from the arching skies.

The multitude around a king
Will save him not ; the giant's strength,
The horse's speed will fail at length ;
The Lord alone can safety bring.

The eye of God is over them
Who fear and put their trust in Him ;
He feeds them in the famine grim,
Nor doth their souls to death condemn.

My soul, O Lord, will wait on Thee ;
Thou art our refuge and our aid.
Rejoice, my heart ; be not afraid ;
His mercy He hath shown to me.

PSALM 33

I BLESS the Lord in all His ways;
I bless and praise Him all my days.
Unto my soul He giveth fame;
The weak shall hear and bless His name.
Oh, magnify the Lord with me,
And sing His praise in unity!
I sought the Lord and He has heard;
My trouble ceases at His word.
Come ye to Him who seek the light;
Be not confounded in His sight.
The poor man cried in his distress;
He saved him from his wretchedness.
The angel of the Lord shall be
His strength in his adversity.
Draw near and know He is the friend
Of those who trust Him to the end.
Fear ye the Lord with holy fear!
They want not who His name revere;
Who seek the world must hunger still;
They will not want who seek His will.
Come, children, listen unto me
And let me teach His fear to thee:
Let him who seeketh peace in life
Keep free his tongue from guile and strife;
Do thou the good; from evil cease;
Pursue and seek thou after peace.
The just are ever 'neath God's eye,
His ear is open to their cry;

Against the vile He sets His face —
Forgotten are their name and race.
The just cry out and He will hear,
In all their struggles He is near;
And though afflictions scourge the just,
Yet are they saved who in Him trust.
No sorrow comes they cannot bear;
The wicked die in dark despair.
The Lord shall save His servants all,
And none that trust in Him shall fall.

PSALM 34

JUDGE those, O Lord, who do me wrong;
Be with me on the battle field;
Come to my aid with sword and shield;
Shut up the passes of the strong.

My foes confound — Thou art my hope.
Drive them as dust before the wind,
Thine angel pressing on behind;
In slippery darkness let them grope.

For they have laid a snare for me;
But let them fall into the net
Their malice for my feet has set,
And my soul shall rejoice in Thee.

My very bones sing praise to Thee
Who from the clutches of the strong
Hath snatched the poor that they would wrong,
And given the weak the victory.

False witnesses their snares have laid;
They asked me things I did not know,
And evil wrought for my soul's woe.
In penance did I seek Thine aid,

In fasts I fought my spirit's pride;
My prayers were said within my heart
As one that takes a neighbor's part,
Or sorrows by a brother's side.

So was I humbled ; but the foe
In numbers came ; the scourge was laid
Upon me whom they had betrayed,
And their deceit I did not know.

They tempted me with scoff and jeer,
And gnashed their teeth at me in hate.
When wilt Thou save me from my fate?
The foe as lions' whelps I fear.

Within a church will I give praise,
Thy deeds unto a people sing ;
Let not the foe rejoicing fling
Their scoffs at me and go their ways.

They speak the things they do not mean,
In secret winking with the eyes ;
They evil in their hearts devise
And cry, " 'Tis thus, for we have seen."

Lord, Thou hast seen. Wilt Thou depart?
Oh, rise and listen to my cry!
Give not the foe the victory ;
Judge me according to my heart.

Let them not triumph over me,
But let them be ashamed and blush
Who in my sorrows would me crush —
Confusion let their raiment be!

But we will raise to Thee a song
Who in Thy justice have our pride.
Oh, let His name be magnified!
Our tongues shall praise Him all day long.

PSALM 35

THE wicked said within his heart
That he would sin. There is no fear
Of God before his eyes; deceits
In all his works and deeds appear.

His words are guile, and so his heart
Is closed against the truth and light.
He will not let his own self know
That he could do that which is right.

He thinketh evil in his dreams,
And plans in evil ways to tread;
But Thou, Thy mercy reacheth, Lord,
Far as the arching heavens are spread.

Thy truth far as the free clouds sail
In heaven's outspread immensities;
Thy justice, as the mount of God;
Thy judgments, deep as soundless seas.

Both man and beast dost Thou preserve;
Thy many mercies let me sing;
The son of man shall put his trust
Beneath the shadow of Thy wing.

And Thou wilt fill the soul with joy
Which floweth as the mountain streams;
For with Thee is the spring of life;
Thy light on us reflects its beams.

Thy mercy show to those who fear ;
Thy justice to the clean of heart ;
Nor let pride cast insulting down
The just who chose Thee for their part.

PSALM 36

THE wicked do not emulate,
For lo, they wither in a day
And like the grass they pass away,
And as the green herbs is their fate.

Trust in the Lord and do His will;
Remain thou in the land to dwell,
With riches it will feed thee well;
The Lord thy wishes will fulfill.

Commit thy ways unto the Lord,
And He shall prove thy judgments right,
Thy justice show in noonday light.
Be subject to His holy word,

And envy not the men who speed
So well in things that are not just;
The sinner passes as the dust,
But to the upright is the meed.

For yet awhile and thou shalt seek
The sinner, but behold his place
Is empty, and he leaves no trace;
Inheritance is to the meek.

The sinner watches for his prey
To gnash upon him with his teeth;
The Lord shall laugh, for He forseeth
That close upon him is his day.

They draw their swords, their bows they bend,
And for the poor prepare their darts;
Oh, turn them, Lord, on their own hearts,
The poor and needy still defend.

The just enjoys a humble part
More than the sinner all his gold;
His arms are in confusion rolled,
But strengthened is the poor man's heart.

The pure of heart are in His hands;
Eternity is their reward;
In evil times He is their guard;
They eat when famine wrings the land.

The sinner's seed shall pass away,
And they that fight the Lord of hosts
Shall pass as smoke amid their boasts;
Their borrowed debt they shall not pay.

The just man gives with open hand;
And such as bless him shall be blessed,
And such as curse him be oppressed;
The Lord shall guide him through the land.

He shall delight in all his ways;
And when he falls, His strong right arm
Shall hold him from the threatened harm;
He bears him safe through all his days.

I have been young ; now I am old ;
And in my course I have not yet
Seen God the poor man's seed forget,
Nor bread of beggars to them doled.

For judgment is unto the Lord
Most dear ; He will preserve the just,
And from His sight the wicked thrust,
And they shall perish at His word.

The just shall in the land have part,
And dwell therein forever more,
And wisdom from his lips shall pour ;
The law of God is in his heart.

The wicked watches in the ways
And grimly seeks the just man's life ;
But God shall guard him in the strife,
Nor heed the judgment of men's days.

Expect the Lord, keep His command,
And He shall raise thee in thy place ;
The wicked ones He will abase,
And they shall perish from the land.

I saw one of the wicked race
Exalted like Lebanon's tree ;
And lo ! I passed and where was he ?
I sought and found an empty place.

Keep innocence, and in thine eye
Have justice; there is something left
The pure of heart; but all bereft
The sinner faces destiny.

The just man's hope in all his woes
Is in the Lord; for He will lend
His hand and all his steps defend,
And bring him rescue from his foes.

PSALM 37

REBUKE me not, O Lord, in wrath,
For transfix'd by Thy darts I writhe;
Thy strong hand heavy on me lies;
No health nor peace my body hath.

My sins have drowned me in their sea;
They bend to earth my helpless head,
And give me living to the dead,
Because of mine iniquity.

I am bowed down unto the end;
I walk in sorrow all the day;
Illusions make of me their prey,
And burn'd out fires their ashes spend.

I am beat down exceedingly;
I roar aloud; my heart aches still,
O Lord, Thou knowest well my will;
My groanings are not hid from Thee.

My strength is gone; mine eyes are dim;
My friends and neighbors come to scoff;
My kindred pass and stand far off;
With force the tempter follows grim.

They speak vain things and plan deceit,
But I am deaf unto their wiles
And dumb to him who me reviles;
Oh, hear me, Lord, I Thee entreat!

For I have said, lest my lips fail,
I will declare my sins to Thee;
Because of mine iniquity
Thy scourge falls on me like a flail.

Mine enemies pursue with strength,
And those that hate me still increase
And mock because I follow peace;
But Thou wilt save me, Lord, at length.

PSALM 38

I SAID: "Behold! I will take heed
Unto my ways, nor sow the seed
Of idle word or sinful deed."

Upon my mouth a guard I set;
When sinners would mine anger whet,
Their wrath in humble silence met.

And when my heart grew hot as flame
With wrath it could no more contain,
I called aloud upon Thy name:

"Make known to me, I pray, mine end!
How many days I have to spend,
That I may to my faults attend.

"'Twas Thou that numbered all my days,
That out of nothing didst me raise."
Oh, vain and foolish are men's ways —

An image on the changing brain;
He passes nor is seen again,
And his disquietude is vain;

He storeth up, nor knows for whom.
My hopes I lift amid the gloom,
And in my heart for Thee make room.

Save me from mine iniquity ;
The very fool hath shame for me ;
Wordless I take what comes from Thee.

Remove from me, O Lord, Thy scourge.
Still 'neath Thy hand no plea I urge ;
Thou wilt from guilt the sinner purge.

The soul of man Thou waste away ;
It shrinketh to a spider gray ;
In vain is he to grief a prey.

Sojourners are we in this place
As were the fathers of our race ;
Our cry goes up before Thy face.

Hear Thou our prayers ; our tears we pour ;
Forgive and strengthen us before
We go from hence and be no more.

PSALM 39

O LORD, I waited patiently the day
When Thou wouldst raise me from the noisome
 pit,
And place me firmly on Thy rock to sit,
And put my feet upon the righteous way.

A canticle of praise let me begin —
A song of fear and trust unto the Lord.
Blessed is the man who His commands has heard
And turned from vanity and ways of sin.

Amid Thy works, O Lord, Thou sitt'st alone;
Not Thine own thoughts can image one like
 Thee —

I speak the word that was declared to me.
Thy wonders, Lord, beyond all count are
 grown.

Ears Thou hast opened, Lord, unto the word;
Not sacrificial victims dost Thou seek,
And not for Thee the bloody altars reek.
I said, "Behold, I come to Thee, O Lord."

'Tis written, Lord, that I should do Thy will,
Upon the title page it stands apart.
I have desired it, Lord, with all my heart,
That I Thy laws and counsels might fulfill.

Thy justice I declared unto the race,
Nor hid Thy mercies which have been my stay;
Now countless evils stand about my way,
And blinding floods of sin wash o'er my face.

O Lord, deliver me. Come down with speed;
Sink in confusion those who seek my soul;
Let shame above their heads in torrents roll
Who jeer and mock me in my hour of need.

But let us sing a song in glad accord,
A hymn of joy to magnify His name.
Though poor and beggar, we Thy mercies
claim;
Thou art our helper and protector, Lord.

PSALM 40

BLESSED is the man who understands
The needy and the poor ;
Him God will save in evil days
And give him life secure.

The Lord will make him blessed on earth,
And save him from his foes,
And make his bed of sickness soft,
And aid him in his woes.

I said, " O Lord, be merciful
And heal my sinful soul,
For I have erred against Thy name,
And evil is my dole.

" Mine enemy reviles and scoffs,
But he has had his day ;
When shalt Thou blot him from the earth
And wipe his name away?

" He came and stood beside my bed
And spoke of evil things ;
His heart was storing guilty thoughts ;
Going out, he gave them wings.

" In groups they whispered, planning sin
And tales that did me wrong ;
The man of peace that ate my bread
Was with the lying throng.

“ Because of Thy good will, the foe
Shall not rejoice o’er me ;
And blessed be Israel’s God. Amen,
Through all eternity.”

PSALM 41

As panteth the hart for the running brooks,
So my soul for Thee, O Lord,
For the strong and the living God ;
When shall I come and see Thy face?
Tears are my bread, while a wicked race
Ask daily, " Where is thy God? "

Let me go up to Thy house, O Lord,
Even unto Thy holy place —
Thy wonderful holy place
And lift up my voice in joy and praise.
Be glad, my heart, and a new song raise
To the Lord who giveth grace.

Still hope in our God and His praises sing ;
Salvation is with Him still.
I shall praise Him with all my will ;
And when my soul is weak with fear,
Shall Jordan's plain to mine eyes appear,
And the land of the " Little Hill."

Deep calls to deep when the floodgates lift.
Thy billows have passed o'er me
In their strength, like the strength of the sea.
In the light of day He has mercy shown ;
We shall sing His praise ere the night is flown ;
For prayer shall abide with me.

I will say to the Lord, "Thou art my support;
Why hast Thou forgotten me,
While the foes rejoice o'er me?"
Broken, I bend beneath the rod,
While the enemy scoffs, "Where is thy God?"
Still shall I give praise to Thee.

PSALM 42

JUDGE me, O Lord, nor place my cause
With nations of unholy laws;
And from the lying and unjust
Deliver me, who art my trust.
O Lord, why hast Thou cast me off;
Why must I grieve while strangers scoff?
Send forth to me Thy light and truth
That brought me peace and joy in youth
And led me to Thy holy hill.
I will approach Thine altar still,
And there to Thee a song of praise
Upon my harp will joyful raise.
Why dost thou sorrow, O my soul?
God is thy hope; His name extol.

PSALM 43

OUR fathers taught us, Lord, Thy ways —
The works Thou wrought'st in olden days
When Thou the Gentiles' pride didst raze.

They won the land not by the sword,
Nor did their arms them strength afford;
Their triumph, Lord, was in Thy word.

Thou art Thyself our lord and king,
Who strength to Jacob's race didst bring.
When Jericho they did enring

And at their horns' and trumpets' sound,
Its walls fell tottering to the ground,
'Twas in Thy name that power was found.

We conquered all, for in Thy word
We put our trust. 'Tis not the sword,
Nor bows well bent, us hope afford.

But Thou hast saved us from the foe;
And those that hate us hast laid low.
Our glory unto Thee we owe.

Forever will we praise Thy name.
Though now cast off, and put to shame,
And robbed of strength — is it our blame?

With us no longer dost Thou go.
Our backs are turned unto the foe
Who plunder us and overthrow.

Like helpless sheep to slaughter led,
On us exulting foes are fed;
Or scattered far we hide the head.

Thy people for no price are sold,
No reckoning for exchange is told,
And their reproach is manifold.

On scoffs and jeers our souls are fed;
Our name is as a byword said —
A scorn — a shaking of the head.

Shame sits the livelong day with me;
My ears hear naught but calumny;
Mine eyes see but the enemy.

Lord, have we not held fast Thy ways,
Thy covenant kept all our days,
Nor have our hearts refused Thee praise?

But Thou hast bowed us to the ground;
The shades of death enwrap us round.
When in Thy service were we found

To falter, or forget Thy name?
The stranger's gods were not our shame;
Search Thou our hearts — are we to blame?

For Thy sake are we slain all day ;
As sheep they count us as they slay ;
Rise Lord, and cast us not away !

O Lord, why turn away Thy face ?
Our souls are humbled in disgrace ;
Arise, and help this wretched race !

PSALM 44

My heart has uttered a joyful word;
A song I raise for the king.
My thoughts flow swift as the scrivener's pen,
As words in his praise I sing.

Thou art fairer than all the sons of men;
Thy lips pour grace abroad;
Therefore art thou forever and aye
The blessed of thy Lord and God.

In beauty and comeliness set thou forth;
Go prosperously on and reign;
For truth and justice will walk with thee,
And meekness is in thy train.

But sharp thine arrows are in the fight;
For the foe there is no ruth.
Eternity measures thy reign, O Lord,
Thy scepter is right and truth.

Thou hast loved the right and hated wrong;
Therefore doth God — thy God —
Anoint thy brow with the oil of joy,
And thy name to the people laud.

Thy garments are sweet with the rich perfume
Of Cassia and of myrrh
From the ivory house where upon thee waits
The king and his daughters fair.

And a noble queen is on thy right hand,
In golden raiments dressed.
O daughter, leave thy father's house,
And the king shall love thee best.

And the daughters of Tyre shall come with
gifts;
And the rich shall implore thy grace;
The king's child's beauty is all within
A border of gold and lace.

And virgins will come to thy gate, O king,
And thy sons as princes reign;
And thy kingdom shall not depart from earth
Forever and ever. Amen.

PSALM 45

God is our refuge,
Our shelter when trials
Exceedingly find us
And pour out their vials.

Why should I fear
When the earth shall be troubled,
When the tall mountains sway
And to ocean be doubled?

The stream of the river
Makes joyful the dwelling
Of God's tabernacle,
In beauty excelling.

God sits in the midst —
Almighty, supernal —
The helper, the shielder ;
Unmoved the Eternal.

The nations are troubled ;
The kingdoms are shaken ;
He utters His voice,
Hills and valleys awaken.

God of our armies,
His shield we are under ;
He is our helper ;
Behold this and wonder.

Wars cease on the earth;
The bow shall be broken;
The shield He shall burn
In the fire as a token.

Behold, I am God,
Bow in low adoration!
Am I not ruler
Of army and nation?

PSALM 46

ALL ye nations, clap your hands ;
Shout to God with joyful voice ;
For the Lord is high and great,
All the earth is His estate.
Clap your hands ; rejoice ! rejoice !
He hath led beneath our reign
The nations all in captive train.

He hath chosen for His own
Jacob, whom He loved so well.
God ascends with jubilee ;
Sound the harp and psaltery ;
Let His praises heavenward swell.
Sing the praises of our king ;
Let the earth with music ring.

God shall reign above the hosts,
Sitting on His holy throne.
Princes high and people raise
Unto Him a song of praise.
Earth's strong gods allegiance own,
In His service is their pride ;
Sing His glory far and wide.

PSALM 47

GREAT is God, we praise His name.
Praise Him in His holy place;
On the mountain of His grace
Let us sing with glad acclaim.

Lord, with joy the earth rejoiced,
When Thou laidst the deep foundation
For the temple of a nation
Where Thy holy name was voiced.

Came of kings a mighty host
From all lands, and gazed with awe;
Trembled sore at what they saw;
Bent like ships in tempest tossed.

As we heard, so have we seen
In the city of the Lord,
Founded on His holy word.
On Thy mercy, Lord, we lean.

As Thy name, so is Thy praise
To the utmost end of land;
Justice is in Thy right hand;
A song let Sion's daughters raise.

Strongly Sion's walls defend;
In her strength be all thy pride;
In her houses still abide;
God shall rule us in the end.

PSALM 48

ALL ye nations, hear my word;
All ye earth born sons, give ear;
High and lowly, rich and poor,
Words of truth and warning hear;
From the psaltery music win,
And in parallels begin.

Shall I fear the evil day —
I, whose feet have led to sin?
Shall my riches give me strength,
Or stem the tide that sucks me in?
Can brother take my debt away,
Or man to God my ransom pay.

Or put a price upon the soul
That mourneth in a death in life?
The foolish ones no counsel take
When wise and good men end the strife;
But strangers shall possess their gold,
When they sleep in sepulchres cold.

For man, when he in honor stood,
His greatness did not understand;
He went the way of senseless brutes,
And lost his place within the land.
His way now leads him to the pit —
His tongue wags with delight in it.

Now packed like sheep in death they lie;
The just shall triumph over them.
Corruption drains away the strength
And glory that bedazzled men;
But God shall save my soul from hell,
And take me in His house to dwell.

Be not afraid when evil men
In power and strength rise; in a day
Death comes, and all their honors cease.
He takes no glories on his way;
His soul fared well along life's path;
He goes to darkness and God's wrath.

For man, when he in honor stood,
His greatness did not understand.
He went the way of senseless brutes,
And lost his place within the land.
His way leads down into the pit —
His tongue wags with delight in it.

PSALM 49

GOD has called; and time and space
Have heard His voice.
In fire and tempest shines His face;
His saints rejoice.
Gather all who praise His name,
And let the heavens declare His fame.

Let heaven and earth in judgment sit,
And let His holy ones arise
Who greater deemed than sacrifice
The laws for their instruction writ.

Hear ye the voice of Jacob's God:
" Did I reprove your sacrifice —
Burnt offerings laid before mine eyes?
But think ye, do I look abroad

" Desiring for the calves you feed,
Your he-goat from the guarded flocks,
Your playful lamb or patient ox,
That for my glory they might bleed?

" Know ye, the riches of the field —
The birds, the flowers, the lowing kine —
The fullness of the earth are Mine;
Their treasures to My wants to yield.

“ If I were hungry, would I seek
The bullock’s flesh to be my food,
Or drink the goat’s empurpling blood
From ye whose hands with slaughter reek?

“ Offer to God the sacrifice
Of praise, and vows unto Him pay,
And call upon Him in the day
Of trouble; He will hear thy cries.”

But God unto the sinner spoke :
“ Why dost thou witness to My cause,
Or take within thy mouth My laws,
When thou dost hate and scorn My yoke?

“ My words behind thee thou hast cast ;
With thieves and robbers thou dost run,
And with adulterers art one ;
Thy tongue to frame deceit is fast.

“ Sitting, thou wrought’st a tale of guile,
A scandal to thy brother’s name,
Thy mother’s son to bring to shame ;
And I was silent all the while.

“ Didst think that I was like to thee?
Before thee I reproof have set,
Ye senseless ones that God forget,
Lest ye for all eternity

“ Be snatched away to endless night.”
The sacrifice of prayer and praise
Alone can keep us in the ways
That leadeth to eternal light.

PSALM 50

O LORD, Thy mercy show to me,
For merciful Thou art,
And blot out mine iniquity,
And make me pure of heart.

I know that I have sinned, O Lord,
And evil have I done ;
Therefore, is justice in Thy word
From out of judgment won.

For lo ! was I conceived in sin,
But Thou hast loved the truth ;
The mystic and the hidden things
Thou taught'st from my youth.

O Lord, with hyssop sprinkle me
And make me white as snow ;
And let my ears new opened be,
And joy and gladness know.

Thy face turn from my sins away ;
My heart make clean and pure ;
Grant that my inmost spirit may
Walk in Thy paths secure.

Oh, turn Thou not away Thy face ;
Thy spirit leave with me ;
And give me back, O Lord, Thy grace
That I may strengthened be.

The wicked will I teach Thy ways ;
The sinner turn to Thee ;
Thou wilt not, Lord, to blood betray,
But help and succor me.

To sing Thy justice I aspire ;
My tongue shall speak Thy praise ;
If sacrifice were Thy desire,
An altar would I raise.

Burnt offerings are not Thy delight.
A heart that sorrow tries,
A spirit humble and contrite,
Thou wilt not, Lord, despise.

Thy favor, Lord, to Sion show,
And let her walls be built,
And fires upon her altars glow,
And victims' blood be spilt.

PSALM 51

WHY dost Thou glory in malice,
Thou that art mighty in sin?
All day hast thy tongue planned injustice;
Thy deceit like a razor cuts in.

And malice Thou lov'st more than goodness;
Iniquity, rather than right;
And therefore the Lord shall destroy thee —
Root and branch, cast thee out of His sight.

The just shall behold and be fearful,
And scoffing of thee they shall say,
“Behold, God was not made his helper;
See how riches but serve to betray.”

But I, as an olive tree blooming
In His house, put my trust in His word.
I shall praise Him forever and ever,
And wait on the name of the Lord.

PSALM 52

THE fool in his heart said, "There is no God";
The nations corrupted have gone astray;
Abominations stalk forth in the day;
And men no longer the truth applaud.

God cast a glance from His throne above
To see if any might understand,
Or seek His knowledge or His command;
But all had gone aside from His love.

And the workers of evil shall they not know —
Who eat my people as they eat bread?
They shall tremble and fear where there is no
dread,
And their dust on the wings of the wind shall
blow.

The great ones shall God confound and despise,
But who out of Sion shall Israel save,
And scatter the power that her sons enslave;
Then a song from Jacob to Thee will rise.

PSALM 53

SAVE me by Thy holy name;
As my judge, Thee, Lord, I claim.
Master, Thou my pleading hear;
To my prayer, oh, lend Thine ear!
Stranger, foemen, me pursue
That my soul they may undo.
God is not before their eyes.
Thou, my helper, hear my cries.
Turn the evil on my foes
That on me they would impose;
Cut them off from grace and ruth,
Thou, who art the God of truth;
Freely sacrifice and praise
Will I give Thee all my days.
Thou hast saved me from my woes,
Set me high above my foes.

PSALM 54

God of pity, hear my prayer ;
Give me not unto despair !
The foeman's voice is in my ear,
And I am filled with sudden fear.
" Who," I cried, " will give me wings
That I may rise and leave all things,
And fly away and be at rest,
And in the desert make my nest? "
I waited Him within the wild
Who saved from coward heart His child.
Cast down, O Lord, confuse the tongues
Of sinners who would do me wrongs.
Iniquity spreads like a pall
Both night and day from wall to wall
Within the city, and its streets
Are filled with usury and deceits.
Where labor bends her straining form,
Injustice sits secure and warm.
If but mine enemy had made
A scorn of me, I could persuade
My soul to let its anger cease,
And bear the bitter taunt in peace ;
If one that hated me had said
These things, I might have hid my head ;
But thou, my comrade, friend and guide,
Who in God's temple by my side
Hath walked ! Let death about them swell ;
Let them be swallowed up in hell,

For wickedness is in their race;
Their houses are sin's dwelling place.
But I cry out and God will hear;
Night, noon, and morn unto His ear
My prayer goes up, and he will save
And draw my soul from out the grave.
They change not from their wicked way;
God's hand is stretched out to repay.
They have defied His covenant;
His brow in wrath is on them bent;
His word is smooth unto the heart,
But sharper than the wingéd dart.
Oh, cast thy care upon the Lord!
He will sustain thee with His word.
The sinner's guiles the Lord repays;
He shall not live out half his days,
But I will put my trust in Thee.
In mercy, Lord, abide with me.

PSALM 55

FOR mercy, Lord, to Thee I cry;
Downtrodden 'neath men's feet I lie;
In battles fierce the long days die.

All day they tread me in the dust,
At midnight e'en I fear their thrust;
But in Thee, Lord, I put my trust.

My words of God are prayer and praise;
While hope in Him illumines my days,
I will not fear men's wicked ways.

Their ears are deaf to my appeal,
Their thoughts against me hard as steel;
They lie in wait to sting my heel.

My soul, O Lord, it was their prize;
For this crime let Thine anger rise;
Grind them to dust before mine eyes.

My life I bare unto Thy light;
My tears are ever in Thy sight;
Put Thou, O Lord, my foes to flight.

What day soe'er I call Thy name,
I know that Thou wilt hear my claim,
Nor cast me off to fear and shame.

My vows I pay, for in the race
My faltering feet Thou held'st in place
That I might in Thy sight find grace.

PSALM 56

My trust is in the Lord,
Unto His hand I cling;
My hiding place shall be
The shadow of His wing.
Iniquity shall pass away;
Thy mercy, Lord, shall with me stay.

Let me cry out to God
Who worketh good to me;
Who, from His holy place,
Sends help that makes me free;
And bendeth low beneath the rod
The enemy that on me trod.

My God hath sent His aid
To free me from my foes
Who like young lions crouch —
Should sleep mine eyelids close —
To leap on me with claws and teeth;
Their tongues are swords drawn from the sheath.

Be Thou exalted, Lord,
Above the stars and sun;
Thy glory all the earth
In floods of light o'errun.
A snare they set my feet to win;
A pit they dug, but fell therein.

My heart is ready, Lord,
Thy hymns and praise to sing.
Oh, let me rise betimes,
And harp and psaltery bring;
Thy praises, Lord, will I proclaim,
And magnify Thy sacred name.

PSALM 57

If justice is upon thy tongue,
Then judge right things within Thy heart,
Nor make iniquity thy part,
Thy hands forge infamy and wrong.

The wicked go astray from birth;
Their wisdom lies in what is bad,
Like serpents that are not all mad,
But wise in what pertains to earth;

Or like the asp that stops the ear.
The charmer's voice may sweetly swell,
But though he charmeth ne'er so well,
Within her house she doth not hear.

But vengeance is of Thee, O Lord.
Their teeth within their mouths He breaks,
Of lion's grinders dust He makes;
They come to nothing at His word

Like water running on and lost.
His bow is bent until the foe
Melts down as wax in furnace glow,
Or fades like grass the fire has crossed.

Before yon trees, that softly swell
Their buds unto the breeze of spring,
Shall know the thorn the fall winds bring,
They shall be swallowed up in hell.

When justice on revenge shall call,
Shall sinner's blood be poured like rain,
And man shall say, "The just have gain;
God surely ruleth over all."

PSALM 58

DELIVER me, O Lord. Defend me from the foe,
From those who worketh wrong
And maketh blood to flow;
For lo! the mighty seek my soul
And in their fury toward me roll.

'Tis not my sins, O Lord;
My feet have followed right.
Rise up, O Lord of hosts,
Protect me by Thy might.
And nations of all tribes and tongues,
Thy wrath shall feel who do me wrongs.

They shall come back at night
Like dogs, a hungry pack,
And search the city streets,
And snarl for food they lack.
They stand condemned in their own speech —
“ Who hath us heard? ” They question each.

But Thou shalt at them laugh
And bring them to the dust.
My strength I keep in Thee
Who art my shield and trust;
But thou shalt save our foemen yet,
Lest sunk in peace we might forget.

Disband them by Thy might
And bring them down, O Lord,
For evils of the mouth —
Yea, of the spoken word.
Their lying, cursing tongues shall be,
When death devours, their memory.

They shall come back at night
Like dogs, a hungry pack,
And scour the city streets
In search of food they lack;
In hungry bands, they search the street
And whimper, finding naught to eat.

But I will sing Thy strength
And loud Thy name extol;
For Thou art my support,
My helper in my dole.
To Thee at morning sun I sing,
My God, my Savior and my King.

PSALM 59

O God, Thou hast cast us off
And scattered us far and wide,
But the flame of Thine anger dies ;
In Thy mercy we still abide.

Thou hast moved the earth, O Lord,
By troubles Thou hast it proved.
Heal Thou the wounds thereof,
For the earth at Thy wrath is moved.

We have eaten our meat in grief,
And drunk of the wine of woe,
That we might fear Thy wrath,
And flee before Thy bow.

That Thy beloved be saved,
Reach out and hear my voice.
But speak from Thy holy place,
And hearing we will rejoice.

Sichen will I divide,
And the tabernacle vale.
Galaad and Mannasses are mine,
And in Ephraim will I prevail.

For the strength of my head is there ;
And Juda — that is my king ;
The Moab's land is the " pot of my hope " ;
And Edom too will I bring.

Into Edom I stretch my shoe,
And its people bend like a reed.
Who taketh this city strong;
Who will me into Edom lead?

Shall it not be Thee, O Lord?
Wilt Thou with our armies go?
Vain is the help of men,
But with Thee we can overthrow.

PSALM 60

HEAR me, O Lord,
My prayer attend.
To Thee I cry
From earth's far end.

For when my heart
Was crushed and sore,
Thou heal'st the smart
And me upbore.

Thou hast me led ;
Thou art my hope,
And tower of strength
With foes to cope.

Within Thy house
Thou shalt me bring
Beneath the covert
Of Thy wing.

For Thou, my God,
Hast heard my prayer,
And in Thy kingdom
Gav'st me share.

The king shall live
Beyond his day
In memory's house,
While on its way

Time runs. He lives
Within His light
Whose praise I sing,
Morn, noon, and night.

PSALM 61

SHALL not my soul be subject, Lord,
To Him who is my stay —
My God, my Savior, and my Friend,
Who holds me in His way?

How long shall you rush in on me
As on a leaning wall?
O men of blood, am I a fence
Just tottering to its fall?

They thought I was without a friend
To shield or take my part;
And lo, they blessed me with their lip
And cursed me with their heart.

But Thou, my soul, bow down to God;
He is thy help and friend,
My soul's salvation, and my strength
In whom my hopes depend.

Trust Him, ye people; lay your hearts
All bare within His sight.
Men weigh their deeds in liars' scales;
Deceit is their delight.

Put not thy trust in what is wrong;
Conceal not theft nor fraud;
Though riches are about thy feet,
Still set thy heart on God.

Once have I heard God's voice to say,
"All power belongs to Me,
And grace is Mine." Thou shalt reward
All men in equity.

PSALM 62

THOU find'st me, Lord, in the silent watch
When the rose of morn expands,
My heart and my soul are athirst for Thee
As for rain the desert lands.

Let me come into Thy house, O Lord,
To Thy sanctuary of prayer.
Thy mercy is better than life to me ;
And my lips shall thy praise declare.

And I shall bless Thee through all my life,
In Thy name my hands upraise.
And Thou shalt fill my soul with grace
And my mouth with words of praise.

Thy name shall come to my mind at night
As I lie upon my bed ;
And words of praise from my lips shall flow
In the early morning red.

Beneath Thy wing is my place of rest ;
My soul clings fast to Thee.
My guide, O Lord, is Thy right hand,
In vain seeks the foe for me.

The enemy seeks my soul in vain ;
His way leads down to death ;
His end is the sword ; and the fox shall gnaw
His scattered bones on the heath.

But the king shall rejoice in the Lord, his God,
And all shall declare His praise ;
For the mouths are stopped of the wicked ones
Who in evil spent their days.

PSALM 63

O God, my supplication hear,
And save my soul from coward fear,
From enemies in council met,
And from the evil doer's net.
Their tongues are whetted like a sword,
Their bows are bended at a word;
Oh, bitter thing, to send the dart
Against the just and pure of heart!
All resolute in wickedness
They sudden shoot, nor fear redress;
They whisper too of hiding snares,
And hope to catch us unawares.
The foes search for iniquity,
But they can only failure see;
For deeper than their craft or plan
Remains the soundless heart of man.
Their wounds are such as children make
When arrows in their hands they take.
Against the just their tongues grew weak;
They feared, who heard them strive to speak,
And straight declared God's wondrous ways,
And understood, and gave Him praise.
To praise the just we lift our voice;
God is our hope; rejoice, rejoice!

PSALM 64

'Tis meet that we sing to Thee, God, our God,
And pay vows in Thy holy place;
Thou hast heard our prayers and to Thee shall
run
All flesh ; though the wicked hath o'er us won,
Thou wilt pardon and grant us grace.

Oh, blessed is the man chosen of Thy heart ;
He shall dwell in the courts of light ;
He shall taste the sweets of Thy house, O Lord,
The sweets that Thy holy house doth afford ;
And joy in Thy power and might.

Hear us, O Savior ; to Thee we cry
From the uttermost ends of the earth,
From the uttermost bounds of the sea.
The mountains tall were prepared by Thee ;
'Twas Thy power that gave them birth.

Thou troublest the deeps of the sea, O Lord ;
Thy voice in the billows sound ;
The Gentiles shall quake and be filled with fear
When Thy sign to the ends of the earth shall
appear,
And the day shall rejoice in its round.

Thou hast called from the bosom of earth the
streams ;
To the brim flows the river of God.

Our food is prepared by Thy bounteous hand ;
Multiplied are the fruits in all the land ;
And in showers shall rejoice the sod.

Thou shalt bless the crown of the year of grace,
And Thy fields shall be filled with grain.
The oases fair in the desert shall teem
With fruit, and the hills with joy shall gleam,
And the valleys shall shout in their gain.

PSALM 65

SHOUT with joy, O ye sons of earth,
A song to His name and His praises sing!
Glory and power to His holy name;
Let our voices loud in His honor ring.

How terrible are Thy works, O Lord;
Thy foe takes refuge in his deceit.
Let the earth arise and adore Thy name
In hymns and songs to Thy glory meet.

Come and see the works of the Lord our God
Whose word fills the souls of men with fear;
Who turns the sea into solid land,
And stops the streams in their mad career;

Who rules by His power forever and aye;
To Whose eye lie the nations all unrolled.
Let him who would dare provoke His wrath
Take heed and be not in conceit o'erbold.

Ye Gentiles, honor and bless His name,
And make the voice of His praise approved
Who saved my soul alive by His grace
And did not suffer my feet to be moved.

For we were tried, as the white flame tries
The silver, and brought within a net;
Afflictions were laid upon our backs;
And over our heads were masters set.

Through water and fire we were forced to pass,
And lo! we came unto pastures fair.
Let us now go up to the House of God
And pay the vows that we promised there.

Let us pay the vows that we vowed when peril
Oppressed us sore and we cried to Thee;
As a holocaust, bulls and goats and rams
Shall smoke on Thine altars, three times three.

Come and hear, all ye that fear the Lord,
Till I tell the things He has done for my soul
When I cried aloud to Him with my mouth,
And with my tongue did His praise extol.

Had I but looked on the face of sin,
The Lord were deaf to my cries; but He
Hath heard my voice and I bless His name
For the mercy and grace He hath shown to me.

PSALM 66

HAVE mercy, Lord,
And look on me;
Thy shining face
My guide shall be.

Teach me to know
Thy ways on earth
And save the world
From endless death.

And let all tongues
Confess to Thee,
And in Thy praises
All agree.

Let all the tribes
In Thee rejoice,
And for Thy justice
Hear Thy voice.

PSALM 67

LET God arise, and as wind swept leaves
His foes shall scattered be;
And those who dare to hate His name
In the face of His wrath shall flee;
They shall vanish like smoke before His ire;
They shall melt as melteth the wax in fire.

Let His just one feast and rejoice in God
In gladness and in delight;
And sing a psalm of praise to His name
Whose feet turns the west to light.
The Lord is His name, rejoice, rejoice!
But the wicked shall tremble before His voice.

The father of orphans, the widow's friend,
Is God in His holy place,
Who brings men together in peace to dwell.
The captive is freed by His grace,
And those whose sins were as scarlet, red,
And those who were numbered among the dead.

When Thou didst go forth in the people's sight,
When the sands by Thy feet were trod,
The earth was moved and the heavens dropped
In the presence of Sinai's God;
In the presence of Israel's God a rain
Fell full and free on the parchéd plain.

In Thy fullness Thy people shall dwell, O Lord ;
On the poor shall Thy sweetness shower ;
Thy word shall be given to them that preach
Good tidings, with love and power.
The prince of powers is beloved of all,
And His spoils to His daughter's hand shall fall.

Though thy tent may border the foeman's land,
Yet on wings shall I thee uphold —
Wings of a dove all silver white
With backs of the palest gold.
When He gives her kings it is heaven's will
They shall shine like the snow upon Selmon's
hill.

Oh, the mountains of God are rich and green
And fruitful beyond compare ;
A place where it pleaseth Himself to dwell —
He dwelleth forever there.
God's chariots move through the heights in state
While tens of thousands upon Him wait.

The Lord ascends to His holy place,
Captivity leading tame ;
His heavenly gifts He pours on men,
Even strangers to His name.
Oh, blessed be He who day by day
Keeps and prospers us on our way.

Salvation is of our Lord and God,
Death and life are within His hands;
He shall break the hairy crowns of those
Who walk in the sinner's bands.
Saith the Lord, "From Basan they turned shall
be;
I shall drive them into the depth of the sea,

"That thy foot may be dipped in thine enemies'
blood
And thy dog's tongue red with the same."
They have seen Thy goings, O Lord my God,
And have heard of Thy sanctuary's fame;
When the voices of kings made the chorus swell,
And maidens played on the timbrels well.

In the church shall we bless and praise the Lord.
Sprung from Israel's fountain clear
Is Benjamin, youth of the burning soul.
The princes of Juda their leaders are;
And Zebulun and Naphtali they
Of Thy princes own the power and sway.

Command Thy strength, and confirm in us
What Thou by Thy grace and power hath
wrought;
From Thy temple built in Thy holy place
Shall gifts by the hands of kings be brought —
Gold and jewels and precious things —
Such gifts as beseem the hands of kings.

Rebuke the beasts of the reedy place,
The herds of bulls and the stupid kine
Who seek to drive from Thy shelter, Lord,
Those who are tried and proven Thine;
Scatter the nations that wars applaud.
Ethopia stretches her hands to God.

Sing unto God, all ye nations, sing,
Whose glory out of the East is sprung;
Adoration and praise to Israel's God;
Even unto the clouds be His glory sung.
Wondrous is God in His saints, and He
Gives His people strength. May He blessed be.

PSALM 68

SAVE me, O Lord ; the waters come
Even unto my soul ; in a slimy bed
My feet slip, and the deeps approach
While the tempest rolls above my head ;
I have worked, and wept till my voice is gone,
And mine eyes have failed, but I still hope on.

They are numbered above the hairs of my head
Who are filled with a causeless hate for me ;
And they grow in strength from day to day
Who follow and plague me wrongfully ;
And in their hate they make me pay
For that which I took not away.

O Lord, Thou knowest my foolishness
But let me not confusion bring
To those who seek the Lord of hosts
And call with faith on Jacob's king ;
For Thy sake, Lord, I bore the blame,
And hid my face for very shame.

I am a stranger in the land,
An alien to my mother's son.
Zeal for Thy house consumes my heart
And Thy reproach is made my own.
My soul with fasting I subdued,
While their revilings they renewed.

A haircloth garment girt my limbs ;
A scorn, a byword I became ;
Who sat before the gates, they scoffed,
And round the winecup sang my name.
But as for me, to Thee I pray
Deliver me in Thy good day.

Lord, of Thy mercy, hear my prayer,
Nor let me in the mire stick fast ;
Deliver me from those who hate,
Nor give me to the deeps at last ;
Let not my bed the waters be,
Nor hell shut fast her mouth on me.

Hear me, for kind Thy mercy is ;
Turn from Thy servant not thy face,
For I am troubled ; come with speed
And save me from the foe's disgrace,
Thou knowest my shame and Thou canst see
All those who heap contempt on me.

My heart expects naught but reproach.
I looked for one to grieve with me
Or comfort give, but there was none ;
Alone I faced my misery.
Gall for my food to me they gave,
And vinegar my lips did lave.

But let their table be a snare —
Their recompense ; and let their eyes
Be darkened and their shoulders bent

That they may never see the skies ;
Thy indignation on them pour ;
Thy wrath pursue them evermore.

And let their homes be desolate,
Their tabernacles lone and bare,
Because when Thou hadst smitten me
They added to my pain and care.
Let them heap up their cup with sin,
Nor come Thy judgment place within.

Their names blot from the book of life.
But from the dust Thou wilt me raise
That I may bless Thy holy name
And sing a canticle of praise ;
And that is sweeter in Thine eyes
Than hooféd calves as sacrifice.

Thy mercy to the poor man show.
Speak Lord, and so my soul shall live.
The Lord shall hear the poor man's voice
And freedom unto prisoners give.
Let heaven and earth Thy praise proclaim
And all that liveth bless Thy name.

For God Jerusalem shall save,
And Juda's town shall rise once more ;
And those shall dwell within its gates
Whose fathers dwelt therein before.
His servants' seed the land shall claim
And all shall praise and bless His name.

PSALM 69

COME, Lord, in haste to succor me,
And let my foes confounded be;
Let them turn round and blush for shame
Who wish me evil things and blame;
Let them be shaméd presently
Who say, “ ’Tis well, ’tis well,” to me;
Let those that seek the Lord rejoice
And in His honor raise the voice.
Oh help us, Lord, in this our need —
Our helper, Thou, and shield indeed.

PSALM 70

My hope, O Lord, I put in Thee,
Let not confusion stain my cheek ;
Protection from my foes I seek ;
O Thou, my tent and refuge be.

Let not the hands of sinners close
Upon my soul ; from the unjust
Deliver me. Thou art my trust,
My patience, Lord, against the foes.

My hope wert Thou from earliest youth ;
A song of glory let me bring ;
Of wonders wrought in Thee I sing ;
Thou art my shield and help in truth.

My mouth, O Lord, fill with Thy praise
That I may ceaseless sing Thy power ;
And when the cloud of age shall lower,
Do not forsake me in those days.

Mine enemies in council spoke
Saying, " God hath left him to his need ;
Pursue, for there is none to heed."
But Thou, Lord, saved me from their yoke.

Rolled in confusion let them lie
Who make my soul a thing of blame ;
Let them be shamed, who would me shame,
But let me always hope in Thee.

My mouth shall sing Thy praise alone,
Because no subtle arts are mine ;
Clothed shall I be with power divine
In song, Thy justice, Lord, to own.

Thou wert a teacher unto me
From early youth to my gray hair ;
Remain till I Thy power declare
For generations yet to be.

What sorrow hast Thou bound upon
My back ; but when unto the earth
I bent, Thou brought'st me back from death.
What power and mercy hast Thou shown !

The truth will I confess to Thee
On harps and instruments of praise ;
Thou holy One, a song I raise,
And in Thy power my joy shall be.

PSALM 71

To him whom Thou hast made a king
Give judgment, Lord, and let him be
In justice clothed, that rich and poor
May feel the rule of equity.

His wisdom spread from hill to hill,
Both judge and savior of the poor —
The terror of all tyrant foes —
And as the sun may he endure.

Softly as rain upon the fleece,
Or showers upon the thirsty earth,
He comes, and justice marks his way;
And peace and happiness have birth.

And he shall rule from sea to sea
And all the wide earth's utmost bound;
To him Ethopia shall bow;
His enemies shall lick the ground.

The kings of Tharses and the Isles
Shall presents bring; and Araby
And Saba send their princely gifts;
Before him kings shall bend the knee.

And he shall be the poor man's friend —
Help of the helpless in their need;
And souls condemned by usury
Shall at his word be quickly freed.

He shall endure. Arabia's gold
To him shall flow; and praise and fame
And lasting peace shall come to those
Who daily bless and praise his name.

And there shall be a mighty tent
Upon the topmost mountain spread;
The fruits thereof shall hold their place
Above Libanus' lofty head.

Blessed be his name forever more;
As long as time its race shall run
His majesty shall fill the earth.
Here ends the praise of Jesse's son.

PSALM 72

How good is God to Israel,
To those whose hearts are right.
My feet had almost left the way,
My steps had well nigh gone astray —
For always in my sight

The wicked lived their full fat day.
Death passed them lightly by;
Their backs with scourges were not torn;
To grief and toil they were not born;
Their heads were proud and high.

Born of their wealth their sins came forth
And took in thrall their hearts;
Their thoughts and words of evil were;
The gates of heaven their tongues would dare;
Their voices reached all parts.

Therefore my people shall return
And full shall be their days,
For "Can God hear?" I vainly cry,
"Is knowledge still with the most High?"
Glad are the sinners' ways.

I said, "In vain has been my prayer;
In vain my heart is pure."
The scourges fell on me like hail
Beginning in the morning pale,
This did Thine own endure.

And if I speak I must condemn
The generations just ;
I studied, Lord, that I might know ;
But wisdom came with toil and slow
Until I put my trust

In Thee, and in Thy house I learned
To read the mystery.
For in the end were they flung down
And desolation hemmed them round,
And soon they ceased to be.

They fell by reason of their sins,
And as a dream they passed.
So in Thy city, Lord, are brought
The sinner's pride and hope to naught.
And I am changed at last.

Now as a beast I follow Thee
Forever at Thy side.
By Thy right hand Thou brought'st me
Safe that mine eyes Thy wisdom see.
What do I wish beside?

What do I wish but Thee in heaven?
My spirit faints for Thee ;
Thou art my only part, O Lord.
They perish all, who doubt Thy word,
But Thou my hope shalt be.

PSALM 73

WHY hast Thou cast us off forever,
Us, Thy helpless sheep?
Why is Thy wrath enkindled ever?
Once Thou didst us keep,
Thy crown and scepter guarded well,
And in our holy mount didst dwell.

Lift Thy hand against their pride
Who Thy sanctuary profane.
They that hate Thee and deride
Make their boasts within Thy fane;
Their ensigns they think no disgrace
To set within Thy holy place.

As forests to the axe's stroke,
So Thy gates before them fall;
Fades Thy sanctuary in smoke,
Ruined are Thy dwellings all.
In their hearts the wicked planned
To sweep Thy feast days from the land.

Signs, O Lord, no more we see,
No prophet rises from our race.
How long shall the adversary
Scorn Thee and Thy name disgrace?
Lord, wilt Thou turn unto us ever,
Thy hand take from Thy bosom never.

Our king wert Thou e'er time began ;
Salvation hast Thou wrought on earth ;
Thy strength did the seas divide.
The dragons in their midst found death ;
Thence washed to shore their bodies feed
The dusky Ethiopian breed.

Streams are broken by Thy might ;
Tumbling rivers cease to run.
Thine the days and Thine the night,
The light of morning and the sun ;
Thine all the borders of the land ;
The changing seasons show Thy hand.

Remember this, O Lord, the foe
Reproached Thee and provoked Thy name.
Give not beasts the souls of those
Who their faith in Thee proclaim.
The poor forget not to the end ;
They on Thy covenant depend.

The mean and ignoble rejoice
In ill-got riches, but the meek
Turn not away with angry voice.
Thy praise the poor and needy speak.
Arise, O Lord, judge Thine own cause ;
Their hate ascendeth without pause.

PSALM 74

WE will praise Thee, Lord, we will praise Thee,
And call on Thy holy name,
And tell of Thy wondrous labors.
Thou shalt praise in Thy time or blame.

He hath said, "I am judge of justice;
The earth it melteth away
And all that dwelleth there passeth,
But the pillars thereof shall stay."

I have said to the wicked, "Repent ye,"
To the sinner, "Lift not your horn
On high; let it not be lifted,
Nor speak of thy God in scorn."

The east and the west He judgeth,
The vale and the desert hill;
He putteth them down or exalteth
As seemeth good to His will.

In the hands of God is a winecup
And strong is the potion and rare;
And He poureth it out as He passeth,
But the dregs of the mixture are there.

And that is the drink of the sinner;
But I shall Thy praises declare;
I shall break the horns of the wicked,
But the horns of the just I shall spare.

PSALM 75

JUDA knows its God,
Israel sings His reign,
Mount Zion is His home,
And peace is in His train.
The powers of war He layeth low ;
He breaks the sword and shield and bow.

From the eternal hills
Comes His light in streams.
The fools are sore at heart
For they were deep in dreams,
They slept, the rich men of the lands,
And wakening, found but empty hands.

At Thy wrath, O Lord,
Their horsemen all have slept,
And awful was the fate
Of those Thine anger swept.
Thy judgments roll from heaven's hill ;
The trembling earth hears and is still.

His judgments save the meek.
Men's thoughts shall give Thee praise —
The memory of these thoughts
Shall be their holidays.
Pay vows unto the Lord and sing,
And those around Him presents bring.

For terrible is He,
Yea, even unto those
Who triumph over kings
And crush to earth their foes;
His name to him a terror brings
Who terror is to earthly kings!

PSALM 76

I CRIED to the Lord my God
And He gave ear to me.
In the day of my trouble I sought Thy light
And I lifted my hands to Thee in the night,
Nor was I deceived in Thee.

All pleasure my soul refused;
My comfort was in the Lord.
For His love my spirit has swooned away;
And watches I kept in the morning gray;
I was troubled but spoke no word.

And I went back to the days of old,
Yea, to the eternal years.
In the stillness of night I searched my heart,
And swept my spirit of guile and art;
And my soul was tried by fears.

Will He shun me and make an end
And forever hide His face?
Will He cut off His favors from age to age,
And shut up His tenderness in His rage,
Nor remember his ruth and grace?

I begin, for a change has come;
'Tis the hand of the most High.
I remember now the works of the Lord
And all the wonders His works afford —
This thought shall my mind supply.

Thy ways are wondrous and holy ways,
And who is there great like Thee?
Wonders, O Lord, are at Thy command,
And the nations know the power of Thy hand;
Thine arm made Israel free.

The waters saw Thee, O Lord our God,
They saw Thee and were afraid;
They shivered down to their depths profound,
Then rose and fell with an awful sound,
And a noise in the clouds was made.

Thine arrows passed, and in circles wide
The voice of the thunder wheeled,
Thy lightnings lighted the gleaming world,
And the trembling earth on its base was whirled,
And quivering shook and reeled.

Thy footway is over the seas, O Lord,
Thy path in the ocean bed;
Thy footsteps are not for men to trace;
Thou hast conducted like sheep our race
By Moses and Aaron led.

PSALM 77

ATTEND, O people, to my law
And let my words attention draw;
Regard my parables with awe.

My tongue shall speak of things of old,
The great deeds that our fathers told,
As generations onward rolled.

Declaring, Lord, Thy power and praise,
Thy majesty in Jacob's days,
Thy laws that molded Israel's ways.

He forced the fathers to make known
His wondrous works unto the son,
The while the generations run,

That they in God their trust might place,
And scorn their fathers' steps to trace —
A wicked and a perverse race.

When they had made of God their foe,
They fled in fight and were laid low
As Ephraim's sons who bend the bow.

Their covenant with God they broke;
They would not walk beneath His yoke
Nor hear Him, when in signs He spoke.

What wondrous things for them He wrought
In Egypt's land, e'er they were brought
Through that cleft sea wherein were caught

The hosts of Pharaoh, as the tide
That erst did stand on either side
As in a vessel, crushed their pride!

Who screened them with a cloud by day,
With fire by night illumed their way;
And from the flinty rock and gray

Gave them to drink as from the deep;
Who made the waters splash and leap
As rivers when they seaward sweep,

The while they added sin to sin;
And in the desert did begin
To tempt the Lord their hearts within.

And meat they crave for their desire —
And God they scorned, asked in their ire,
Can He give food that we require?

Because a rock sends forth a stream,
Can He with bread our tables teem?
God heard, and fires of anger gleam,

And winds of wrath sweep Israel's race
Because they trusted not His grace.
The clouds He ordered to give place,

And from the heavens above He poured
A rain of manna on that horde —
The food of angels, at His word,

Is given to man. The south winds fail,
The southwest o'er the deserts wail,
And drive before them flocks of quail.

Upon the camp they fell like rain —
The meat they dared God to obtain
Choked all their ways, but was it gain?

The flesh was still between their teeth
When God's wrath smote them, and beneath
His ire their fat ones fell in death.

And yet they sinned and went their ways ;
No faith arose from their amaze ;
And foolishness consumed their days.

But when He slew, they called His name
And early in the morning came
Him as their helper to proclaim.

They loved Him with their mouths alone,
But to their tongues was truth unknown ;
Their hearts within were hard as stone.

But in His love He pardons those
Who stir His wrath, for well He knows
They pass as wind that comes and goes.

How many times His people hath
In desert lands provoked His wrath,
Nor followed in the ordained path,

But tempted God and grieved Him sore.
Remembered not the hand that bore
Them safe through Egypt's guarded door,

The wonders wrought on Tanis' plain,
The rivers with their crimson stain,
The blood that fell in showers like rain,

The wingéd pests that made them prey,
The frogs that fell about their way,
The locusts that to night turned day,

The hail that threshed the vineyards bare,
The hoarfrost blighting fruit trees fair,
Fevors that spurned the herdsman's care

And wasted herds. And for His wrath
The evil angels made a path,
Nor spared He men nor kine from death.

The first born of the land He slew;
As sheep He led His people through
And all their hopes did He renew.

When o'er the enemy the sea
Washed deep, unto His sanctuary
Among the hills He led them free.

The Gentiles fled before His face;
Their lands He gave unto our race
And in their homes for us made place.

And yet they tempted God all day,
And turning from His path away
Far from His covenant did stray.

A crooked arrow from the bow
Its errant course no man may know —
As went their fathers, they did go.

They drew His wrath from hill to hill,
And graven things they followed still,
So He despised and wrought them ill.

The ark upon a fatal day
From Silo's land was borne away,
And 'neath the victor's heel they lay.

Their strength was led in captive chains,
Their beauty graced the foeman's trains,
The sword the people's lifeblood drains.

Their young men to the grave were borne,
Their youthful maids were left forlorn,
Their priests were slain, and none to mourn.

The Lord awaked — as from a sleep
A mighty man and strong might leap,
Whose sense in wine was buried deep —

He wakes ; the foe unguarded starts,
He strikes him on the hinderparts,
And shamed forever he departs.

Now Joseph's house He will not use,
And Ephraim's sons does He refuse,
But Juda's well loved tribe will choose.

With them He builded fair and strong,
And David chose his flocks among,
His ewes attending great with young.

And David Jacob's children fed,
In innocence he broke their bread ;
And by his skill them safely led.

PSALM 78

THE heathen, Lord, is in Thy house,
He has defiled Thy holy place ;
Jerusalem is desolate,
The winds through doors and windows race.

The bodies of Thy holy dead
Are given to feed the fowls of air,
And of Thy saints the flesh, O Lord,
Is thrown to beasts of earth to tear.

About Jerusalem their blood
Was poured like rain ; their bodies lay
Unburied underneath the sun,
For there was none that debt to pay.

Our name the neighbors hold in scorn —
A thing to scoff at and deride.
Is Thy zeal kindled like a fire,
Forever shall Thy wrath abide ?

Pour out Thy wrath, O Lord, on those
Who call not on Thy holy name,
For Jacob's race have they devoured ;
Remember not our former blame.

Oh, come in mercy, Lord, with speed,
For we are now exceeding poor ;
Help us, our Savior and our God,
For Thy name's sake make us secure.

Lest they should say, "Where is Thy God,"
Let Him be manifest to all,
Avenging well His servant's blood
And freeing those who sigh in thrall.

According to Thy greatness save
The sons of those that they have slain,
And on our neighbors sevenfold heap
The scorn beneath which we have lain.

But we Thy people and Thy sheep
From pastures green give thanks to Thee;
Forever shall we sing Thy praise
To generations yet to be.

PSALM 79

O THOU, who ruleth Israel
And Joseph's sons dost lead,
Whose throne is fiery cherubim,
Give ear unto our need.

Shine out unto Mannasses,
To Ephraim's sons give light,
Unto the tribe of Benjamin
Show, Lord, Thy power and might.

Convert us, God, and show us
Thy face and we shall live.
How long wilt Thou be angry,
O Lord, nor us forgive?

How long, Lord, wilt Thou feed us
Upon the bread of tears?
Our drink is tears in measure
For lo! these many years.

A sign of contradiction
To those that come and go
Is that which Thou hast made us,
A scoff unto the foe.

Convert us, Lord, and show us
Thy face and we shall live;
Thy vineyard out of Egypt
Didst Thou not to us give?

The gardens of the Gentiles —
Thy hand placed us therein.
Didst Thou Thyself not lead us
That we that land might win?

The shadow of that vineyard
High o'er the hills it trod
Its stately branches spreading,
The cedars were of God.

Its branches stretched to seaward,
Its boughs the river sought,
Its hedge why hast Thou broken
That evil may be wrought?

For those that pass by pluck it;
The wild boar lays it waste;
A strange wild beast devours it,
Come Thou, O Lord, in haste.

That which Thy hand hath planted
Make perfect; look upon
The son of man confirméd
To be Thy very own.

Things set on fire and dried out
Must perish if Thy face
Still turns on them in anger,
But lay Thy hand in grace

On Him upon Thy right hand
On him, Thy chosen one —
The son of man confirméd
To be Thy very own.

If we depart not from Thee,
Thou to us life shalt give.
O Lord of hosts, turn to us
Thy face and we shall live.

PSALM 80

REJOICE in God our helper,
Sing loud to Jacob's God;
Take psalms, the timbrel thither bring,
To harp and pleasant psaltery sing,
The trumpets blow to laud.

The new moon horned and slender
That marks this holiday,
It was in Israel a command,
A sacred thing in Jacob's land,
A testament to pay

To Joseph, who in Egypt
Forgot his mother tongue;
The burden from his back is loosed,
His hands no more in baskets used.
Let songs of joy be sung.

In sorrow thou didst call Me,
And aid was given to thee;
I heard in storms when thou didst hide,
I thee in desert places tried
To prove thy constancy.

Now hear ye, O My people,
I testify to thee:
If Israel would have heard My voice,
No stranger gods would be her choice,
But she would worship Me.

The Lord thy God who brought thee
From Egypt's land am I;
Thine open mouth was mine to fill,
Thou wouldst not hear nor do My will,
But thine own way wouldst try.

I let thee walk according
To thine own heart's desire;
Oh, if that Israel had but heard
Or walked according to My word
Her foes had felt Mine ire.

Her foes would I have humbled,
And on them laid my hand.
The enemy to God has lied,
And in their sins they must abide,
While we with honey are supplied,
And wheat fills all the land.

PSALM 81

God hath stood in our midst;
It is God who judgeth gods.
How long will ye falsely judge,
And the wicked protect with frauds?

Judge ye the humble and poor,
Give ear to the orphan's plea;
From the hand of the enemy save
The needy who cry to thee.

Justice thou hast not known,
Nor understanding proved;
Onward ye walk in the dark,
While the earth to its base is moved.

I have said that ye are gods
And sons of the Most High,
But ye fall as the princes fall,
And like all men ye die.

Arise, O God, and judge
The earth which was made by Thee,
For Thou shalt inherit among
All nations and tribes that be.

PSALM 82

Who shall be like the Lord,
Lift up thy voice;
Shout, for the enemy
Maketh a noise,

And they that hate Thee raise
Boldly the head,
In wicked councils plan
On us to tread.

They say, " Their holy ones
Shall go to death,
And let us Israel's name
Blot from the earth;

" And in a covenant
Let us unite
Edom and Moab,
Gebal and Ishmaelite,

" Agarn Ammon
Amlec and Philistine,
Tyre and Assyrian
With sons of Lot combine."

Lord, do unto the foe,
As to the Midian
Or to Sisara strong,
Slain by a woman's hand.

Their Kings like Oreb make,
Salmana, Zeb, Zebbee,
And all who Thy sanctuary
Would dare to wrest from Thee.

As a wheel make them,
Or stubble wind driven
As flame to which forest
And mountain is given.

So shalt Thou follow them
With storm and wrath;
Shame be their portion
Till they turn to Thy path.

Let shame their portion be,
Confusion their bread,
Till they feel Thou art ruler,
Supreme Lord and Head.

PSALM 83

How fair Thy tabernacles, Lord!
My spirit faints away
In longing for the courts of God
And heaven's eternal day.

My heart and flesh rejoice in Thee
As when her long sought rest
The sparrow finds, or turtle dove
First warms her grassy nest.

Such are Thine altars unto me,
O God of hosts, my King,
And blessed are they who in Thy house
Thy praise forever sing.

And blessed is he whose aid Thou art,
Whose heart desires to rise
By steps from out this vale of tears
Unto the shining skies.

For He that gave to us the law
That we might rise, gives grace
That step by step we may ascend
And meet Him face to face.

O God of Jacob, and our shield,
Give ear unto our cries;
And on the face of Thine own Christ,
We pray Thee, turn Thine eyes.

Oh! better one day in Thy courts
Than thousands far from Thee;
And better fill Thy lowliest place
Than dwell where sinners be.

For truth and mercy are of God;
He giveth power and fame;
And innocence will He reward,
And those who trust His name.

PSALM 84

LORD, Thou hast blessed the land ;
Thou hast made Jacob free ;
Thy mercy covered our sins
And forgot our iniquity.

The flame of Thine anger dies ;
From Thy wrath Thou hast turned away ;
Turn us, O Savior, to Thee,
And Thy rage against us allay.

Be not angry, Lord, to the end ;
Down all the cycling days
Turn, Lord, and bring us life,
And Thy people shall sing Thy praise.

Salvation and mercy show ;
I will hear when Thou speak'st to me,
For Thine shall be words of peace
To the hearts that are turned to Thee.

His salvation is surely near ;
His glory is come I wist,
For mercy and truth have met
And justice and peace have kissed.

And truth springs out of the earth ;
Justice from heaven looks down ;

For the Lord will us goodness give,
And the earth with her fruits shall crown.

And justice shall walk with him she has proved ;
And his steps shall set that they be not moved.

PSALM 85

THINE ear unto my prayer incline ;
Preserve me, Lord, for I am Thine ;
Thy servant save who trusts in Thee ;
Thy mercy show, O Lord, to me,
For I have cried to Thee all day ;
My soul before Thee, Lord, I lay,
For Thou art sweet and good and mild,
And filled with mercy for Thy child.
Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer ;
To Thee in trouble I repair.
Among the gods there's none like Thee ;
All nations wait around Thy knee
To praise and magnify Thy name,
For great and wondrous is Thy fame.
Oh, let me follow, Lord, Thy voice,
And in Thy holy fear rejoice.
Now I will praise the Lord, my King,
With my whole heart Thy glories sing ;
Thy mercy toward me let me tell,
Who saved my soul from lower hell.
Against the Lord the wicked rise ;
They have not Thee before their eyes ;
But Thou, Lord, art the God of ruth,
Of kindness, patience, mercy, truth.
To me, Lord, Thy commandments give
That so Thy handmaid's son may live ;
Some token show me of Thy grace
That shame may hide the foeman's face.

PSALM 86

ZION is based on a mountain holy ;
Dear are her gates to the heart of God —
Dearer than all other seats of Jacob —
And many her glory and name shall laud.

Rahab and Babylon know her beauty ;
Foreigners, people from far off Tyre,
Have mingling come with the swart Egyptian
Unto the city that all admire.

Zion shall speak of her noble children,
The Highest Himself has laid her base ;
The Lord shall tell in His sacred writings
Of kings and nobles that there had place.

PSALM 87

LORD, the God of my salvation,
I have called Thee night and day ;
Let my prayers come up before Thee,
Do not turn Thine ear away.

For my soul is filled with evil
And my life draws down to hell,
And among them I am counted
Who within the pit must dwell.

As a man gone past all helping
Am I, " Free among the dead,"
As the slain in dark graves sleeping,
Long from memories' chambers fled.

In the lower pit they laid me
Where death's darksome shadows lie ;
Lord, Thy wrath is strong upon me
And its waves are sweeping nigh.

Those I know are set far from me ;
I am hateful in their sight,
And condemned unto destruction,
While I languish for the light.

I have called, my hands outstretching,
On Thy mercies all my days.
To the dead shalt Thou show wonders
Or give power to speak Thy praise.

Who in death declares Thy mercy
Truth in blank destruction own;
In the dark who sees Thy wonders,
Or Thy justice is it shown

In that land where memory dieth,
To forgetfulness a prey?
I, O Lord, with prayer and weeping
Come before Thee night and day.

Lord, why are my prayers unheeded,
Wherefore turn'st away Thy face?
I in poverty and labor
All my days from youth can trace.

Being exalted I was humbled,
And Thy wrath has troubled me;
Lord, Thy terrors rise around me
Like the waters of the sea.

Like the sea they roll around me —
Compass me on either side;
Friends and kin alike forsake me,
None will with my woes abide.

PSALM 88

O LORD, Thy mercy I will sing
And show Thy truth from age to age;
For Thou didst by Thy word engage,
“In heaven thy mercies would upspring,

And there the home of truth would be,”
For Thou a covenant hast made,
And to Thy servant David said,
“Thy seed shall hold the land from Me,

“And there thy throne will I upbuild
For generations yet to be.”
The heavens confess Thy power to Thee,
Thy holy church with truth is filled.

Who with Thee mid the clouds compare?
Of sons of God who is like Him
Before whose glory saints are dim?
In awful state He sitteth there.

Lord God of hosts, who is like Thee?
Thou mighty One, with truth enrayed,
To Thee hath ocean tribute paid;
Thou calm'st the motions of the sea.

The proud ones of the earth are laid
Still as the slain; Thine enemies
Scattereth Thy right arm far with ease;
Thine are the heavens which Thou hast made,

And thine the earth and all the world,
And all its fullness, Lord, is Thine.
The dark north and the seas of brine,
Thabor and Hermon Thee shall herald.

Thine arm is might; let Thy right hand
Be lifted high and judgment wait
With justice by Thy throne to mate,
And truth and mercy walk the land.

Who joy with Thee, O Lord, are blessed,
For they shall walk within Thy light,
And in Thy name from morn till night
They shall rejoice, nor be oppressed.

Thou art the glory of our days,
And our protection is Thy word.
O Israel's Holy One, our Lord!
At Thy good will our horns we raise.

For in a vision, Thou hast said
Unto Thy saints, "A mighty one
Have I My blessing laid upon
And from my chosen people wed;

My servant David have I found;
My oil runs down upon his hair,
And My right hand shall him upbear,
And My strong arm begird him round.

No foe shall seize him in the night,
Nor son of sin hold him in thrall;
Before his face the foe shall fall;
Who hates him shall be put to flight.

My truth and mercy with him stand,
His horn shall high exalted be;
I set his hand within the sea,
And in the river his right hand.

My father shall he call to me,
My God, my Savior and my stay;
As my first born shall he have sway;
To him shall princes bend the knee.

My mercy on him shall I pour,
My covenant to him assure;
His seed shall to the end endure,
His throne shall stand forevermore.

And if his race forsake my laws
Nor walk according to My ways,
Nor keep My word through all their days,
My rod shall stripe them without pause.

But still My mercy shall remain,
For never shall this thing be heard
That I forgot My spoken word;
My oath to David I maintain.

His seed forever shall endure,
His throne, as certain as the sun
Or moon whose courses true are run,
A heavenly witness just and sure.

But Thou hast scorned him and disdained;
Thy wrath on Thine anointed poured;
O'erturned Thy covenanted word;
His sanctuaries on earth profaned.

His hedges round didst Thou efface,
His fear, as was his strength, hast made;
And those that pass, rob unafraid;
His neighbors reap from him disgrace.

Strong hast Thou made the foe's right hand,
His enemies o'er him rejoice;
His sword is dulled, nor doth Thy voice
In battle aid him to withstand.

Thou mad'st his rites and customs cease,
And to the earth hast cast his throne;
His day of life is shorter grown;
And Thou hast heaped him with disgrace.

How long, O Lord, with angry breath
Wilt scorch and burn? We are but clay.
Hast made all men to pass away,
Or who shall live and not see death?

Who saves his soul from jaws of hell?
Thine ancient mercies, where are they?
Thy sworn word in David's day
And our reproach remembered well?

Deep in my heart it swells again,
The shame that foes have laid upon
The head of Thine anointed one.
Blessed be the Lord. Amen — Amen!

PSALM 89

OUR refuge, Lord, wast Thou before
The mountains towered unto the sky,
Or earth was taught her course to fly,
Or time left the eternal shore.

Cast not Thy work in wrath away,
For Thou hast called us to the right;
A thousand years are in Thy sight
But as a new passed yesterday.

As midnight watch, so long to keep,
So short to think upon when done,
So are our years, when they are run,
And in the night of death we sleep.

At morn man flourishes like grass,
But ere the noon his glories fade,
At eventime he sinks decayed,
And dry and withered he shall pass.

Our hearts have fainted at Thine ire,
Thine anger troubles all our days;
Before us are our sins always;
Thy face illumines our lives as fire.

Our days are gone and we are weak
Before Thy wrath; as spiders spin
Their frail webs from their breasts to win
The careless fly, so do we seek

For earthly things; our time is spent.
Ten years we number with three score,
The strong may lengthen life ten more,
But these with toil and pain are blent.

For mildness comes on us with age;
We bend unto correction low.
Thine anger's strength what man can know
Or place a number on Thy rage?

Show us the strength of Thy right hand;
The wise of heart give in our need;
Turn to us, Lord, to Thee we plead;
Thy mercy filleth all the land.

We praise Thee for the evil days,
Yea, for the years we felt Thy rod;
Unto thy servants turn, O God;
Guide us according to Thy ways.

PSALM 90

HE that seeketh his aid from Thee,
Thou, God of Jacob, his shield shall be.

Thou art mine aid, he saith to the Lord,
My strength and refuge is in His word.

He shall save me out of the fowler's net,
And the biting word in my pathway set.

Of His wings the feathers will cover me,
And His truth shall my shield and buckler be.

Thou shalt not fear the terrors of night,
Nor the arrows that flieth in broad daylight,

Nor the plague that stalketh beneath the moon,
Nor the devil that wasteth the race at noon.

Tens of thousands shall fall by thy side,
But Thou in safety shalt abide.

Thou shalt not feel, but thine eyes shall see
The reward that is reaped by iniquity.

For thy refuge thou makest, even as I,
Under the wings of the Lord most high.

No evil fortune shall be thy case,
Nor the plague come nigh to thy dwelling place.

He hath given thee into His angels' care,
And they of thy ways are well aware.

And round about thee their hands are thrown,
Lest thy foot thou dashest against a stone.

Thou shalt trample the basilisk under thy feet,
And lions and tigers scatheless meet.

Because he hath set his hope in Me,
Will I his guide and salvation be.

Saith He, "I will set him high in fame
Because he hath known and loved my name."

When he calls on Me I will quick reply,
And in his troubles be standing by.

Honor and long life will he know,
And to him will I salvation show,

PSALM 91

To give our thanks to God is meet,
To praise the Lord most high,
To show His loving kindness forth
When morn flames in the sky;
To witness to His faithfulness
When evening's shadows die.

A ten stringed instrument shall raise
Its varied notes to Thee,
The solemn sound of harp shall praise,
And pleasant psaltery;
And glad am I for all Thy works
A triumph is to me.

O Lord, how great art Thou in acts,
Thy thoughts how deep they lie;
The senseless man he heeds them not;
The fool he passeth by
Nor knows when evil flourisheth
It flourisheth to die.

But Thou, Lord, reigneth on the heights
Forever, and the foe
Who worketh but iniquity
Thy hand shall overthrow;
But my horn shall be lifted up,
On me thine oil shall flow.

Mine eyes have seen my wish fulfilled
Mine enemies upon,
The just shall flourish like the palms
That grow on Lebanon,
Or those that planted in God's house
His green courts burgeon on.

PSALM 92

God reigns, and majesty enrobes His form,
And strength wherewith He hath begirt Him
 round;
The world stands firm against all shock or
 storm,
His throne is fixed upon the "eternal mound."

The floods have lifted up their voice, O Lord,
With noise of tumbling waters surging deep;
Wondrous art Thou and credible Thy word,
'Tis meet that holiness Thy house should keep.

PSALM 93

IF unto Thee revenge belongs,
O Thou that judgest earth, arise
And give unto the proud and strong
The meed Thy justice shall devise.
How long shall sinners mock Thy name,
And glory in their vice and shame?

Thy people, Lord, have they brought low;
The widow's blood is on their hands;
The stranger's cup they fill with woe,
And orphans die at their command.
They say, "Our deeds God cannot see;
Who understands our treachery?"

Oh, senseless fools, at last be wise!
Can He whose wisdom gave the ear
Its cunning, or illumed the eyes,
Fail of Himself to see and hear?
Who nations whip and bring to heel,
Can He rebuke not for their weal?

Thou knowest man's thoughts, how vain they be.
Whom Thou dost teach is blessed indeed,
For he can safely rest with Thee.
The deep pit is the sinner's meed,
But God will not cast off His own,
Nor leave to stranger foes His throne.

For who against the foe shall rise,
Until to judgment justice turn?
Unless the Lord my strength supplies,
My soul almost in hell might burn.
But if I cry, "Lord, I give way,"
Thy mercy is my help and stay.

As many wounds as pierced my heart,
So many joys Thy comforts give.
Can evil have with Thee a part,
In whose commands with toil we live?
They hunt their souls who worketh good,
That they may spill their guileless blood.

But Thou, O Lord, our refuge art;
Thou art our helper and our stay.
The wicked all their evil part
In His own time He will repay;
And in their malice they shall die
Who would the Lord our God defy.

PSALM 94

Now let us praise our God,
Sing to our Savior;
Into His presence come
With joyful behavior.

Great is the Lord our God,
Above all excelling.
He holds the ends of earth;
The heights are His dwelling.

The sea is His vassal —
Who other hath made it?
The earth's deep foundation,
'Twas His hands that laid it.

Come let us adore Him,
In wonder downfalling;
With cheeks wet with weeping
Upon His name calling.

Provoke not His wrath
As our forefathers proved it;
Forty years in the desert
In hardships removed it.

They kept not His ways,
And in wrath they were banned
From entering ever
The long promised land.

PSALM 95

LET us sing to the Lord a song of joy,
A canticle of praise;
From day to day His salvation show,
And a hymn to His glory raise.

For our Lord is great and above all praise,
In fear is His homage paid;
The Gentiles' gods are graven things,
But our God the heavens hath made,

And praise and beauty before Him go,
And holiness dwelleth nigh.
Oh, bring, ye kin of the Gentiles, bring
Adoration to God most high.

Your offerings bring to the Holy Hill;
Adore in the courts of grace.
At His awful presence the earth is moved;
All shall know that He reigns in His place.

For the world He chastens and sets aright;
His judgments are just and fair;
Let the heavens rejoice and the earth be glad,
And the sea, and the fields of air.

The trees and the flowers shall clap their hands
With joy before His face,
For behold, He cometh to judge the earth,
And to rule in truth and grace.

PSALM 96

THE Lord hath reigned ; let earth rejoice,
The many islands lift their voice.
Clouds and darkness hide His face ;
Truth and justice is the base
Of His throne. A burning heat
Round about His foes shall beat.
His fires shall roll in waves of light,
The earth shall tremble with affright,
His enemies shall pass like flax,
The mountains melt away like wax.
The flaming heavens declare His might,
His glory fills the people's sight.
Let them that bow to graven things
Take shame amid their worshippings.
All ye His angels, give Him praise,
That Sion her glad head may raise ;
And, Juda's daughters, lift your voice,
And in His judgments loud rejoice.
For Thou art high in majesty ;
No other god is like to Thee.
Who loves the Lord, all evil shuns ;
And He will save His holy ones.
A light is risen to the just,
A glory to the hearts who trust ;
Rejoice, ye saints, and give Him praise
In memory of His righteous ways.

PSALM 97

SING a new song to the Lord our God,
A canticle to Him raise;
For the wonderful things that His arm hath
wrought,
Let us lift our voices in praise.

The Lord hath made His salvation known,
His justice hath He revealed,
He remembered His mercy to Jacob's house,
And His truth He has not concealed.

His salvation is seen to the ends of the earth;
Sing joyfully to the Lord!
Let the harp Him praise, and the voice of
psalms
And trumpets and cornets accord.

Make a joyful noise for the Lord our God!
Let the sea and its finny horde,
And the earth and all that dwells therein,
Rejoice in the coming Lord.

The rivers shall clap their hands with joy,
The hills make jubilee,
Because He cometh to judge the earth
In justice and equity.

PSALM 98

THE Lord hath reigned. Let the people rage;
He sits on the cherubim:
Let the earth be moved, for on Sion's hill
There is no one like unto Him.

Let the people all give praise to Thy name,
Thy holy and terrible name.
Judgment He loveth in His praise,
And He laws for the earth doth frame.

Thy justice is known in Jacob's house.
Exalt ye our God and Lord.
His footstool is holy; bend and adore;
His priests, they have heard His word.

Moses and Aaron among His priests,
And Samuel who loved His yoke,
Have called to Him in their day of stress:
From a pillar of fire He spoke.

And they kept the commands; and the laws He
gave,
For His mercy, He showed to men.
Exalt ye the Lord on His holy hill
And praise Him. Amen, amen!

PSALM 99

SING to God joyfully,
Serve Him with gladness!
Into His presence come,
Leaving all sadness.

Know ye the Lord our God,
His hand hath made us —
The sheep of His pastures;
His power, it shall aid us.

Go to His gates with joy —
To His courts, singing
Hymns to His glory,
Praise to Him bringing.

Sweet is the Lord our God;
His mercy ends never;
His truth endureth
Forever and ever.

PSALM 100

MERCY and judgment do I sing;
Thy will I strive to learn;
And walk within unspotted ways
Till Thou dost to me turn.

I walk with innocence of heart
Amid my family;
I shun all evil with mine eyes,
And hate iniquity.

No perverse heart unto me cleaves;
The wicked I disdain;
Whose tongue would work a brother's ill,
I hunt with might and main.

The proud of eye, the cold of heart —
With him I will not eat;
Mine eyes seek out the faithful man
To sit with me at meat.

Who serves me, walks the perfect way;
But he that worketh pride
Shall have no part within my house,
Nor may with me abide.

And he that speaketh things unjust
Shall prosper not with me;
For surely shall I lead to death
Who works iniquity.

PSALM 101

HEAR, Lord, my prayer ; to Thee I cry ;
Turn not away Thy face from me,
But when I call, come speedily ;
My day as smoke cloud passeth by.

My bones are dried as if by heat ;
As smitten grass all parched and bare
I lie ; my heart is dried and sere ;
And I forget my bread to eat.

My flesh has cleaved unto the bone ;
And like a pelican I stand
Forsaken in a desert land,
Or night bird in the house alone,

Or like a sparrow that all day
From housetop watches quite forlorn.
My foes reproach from morn to morn,
And those who praised me, now betray.

I for my bread did ashes eat ;
My drink was mingled with my tears ;
Thine anger filled my heart with fears ;
Me Thou upraised, then down didst beat.

My days as shadows downward lean,
And I am withered like the grass ;
But Thou, O Lord, Thou dost not pass ;
From age to age Thy sign is seen.

And Thou shalt rise and show me grace ;
And Sion's walls wilt Thou uprear ;
And mercy show. The time is here ;
The stones make glad Thy servant's face.

The Gentiles, Lord, shall fear Thy name ;
Thy glory tames the heart of kings,
For Sion at His word upsprings.
There shall be manifest His grace.

No humble prayer dost Thou despise ;
Let this be writ for coming days,
That children yet unborn may praise,
And keep Thy name before their eyes.

He looks forth from His sanctuary ;
He leans to earth from heaven's far rim,
To hear the groans sent up to Him
From those who bound in fetters lie.

The children of the slain He frees,
That they in Sion may declare
His name when kings in praise and prayer,
And people, hold assembly.

He asks the Lord with all his heart,
" Show me the fewness of my days,
Nor in their midst shut off my ways ;
Untouched by flight of time Thou art.

“Thou foundedst earth when time first tolled;
The heavens were builded by Thy hand;
And they shall pass, but Thou shalt stand.
They like a garment shall grow old,

And like a vesture changed shall be,
But Thou the selfsame shalt appear,
Thy children guiding year by year,
And their seed, to eternity.”

PSALM 102

BLESS the Lord, my soul;
And blesséd may He be.
My soul will not forget
What He has done for me.

My sins doth He forgive;
He heals me from disease;
He ransoms me from death;
And from destruction frees;

He crowns me with His grace;
With good, fills my desires;
As in the eagle's heart,
In mine renews its fires.

To wrong He gives redress;
His ways He hath made known
To Moses, and His will
To Jacob's children shown.

The Lord is merciful,
Compassionate, and kind,
And patient, nor will keep
His anger long in mind.

The penalty of sin
He doth not us accord;
Nor for iniquity
Adjudge us our reward.

According to the height
The heavens o'er earth uprear,
So is His mercy made
To those who know His fear.

Far as the east from west
Our sins hath He removed;
As father to his child,
So is His patience proved.

He knoweth well our frame;
From dust He hath us made;
Man's days are like the grass,
As flowers they bloom and fade.

The breath of life shall pass,
And he shall cease to be;
Thy mercy, Lord, remains
Unto eternity.

And children yet to be,
His justice they shall praise,
And keep His covenant,
And serve Him all their days.

His throne in heaven is set;
He over all is Lord.
Ye angels, in your strength
Who execute His word,

Bless ye the Lord. Ye hosts
Who in His presence stand,
Bless Him in all His works;
Bless Him in every land.

PSALM 103

BREAK forth, my soul, break forth in praise;
The Lord is great in all His ways,
Himself in glory He enrays.

Light, as a mantle, wraps Him round;
He leaneth o'er the depths profound;
The heavens are his vast camping ground,

And cisterns cool of water lie
In upper rooms within the sky.
In chariot clouds He rushes by.

His way on whistling winds He takes;
His word the angel spirits makes;
His ministers from fire He wakes:

Earth balances among the spheres;
Its course it keeps through all the years;
The deep seas as a cloak it wears.

Above the mountains waters be.
At Thy rebuke, O Lord, they flee,
The thunder's voice hear fearfully.

At Thy command the hills ascend,
The plains unto their place descend
Which Thou hast founded for that end —

Thou, Lord, hast set their boundary.
From valleys water bubbles free,
The midst of hills shall water see.

The beasts that roam the fields shall drink,
All thirsting creatures on it think,
The twittering bird fly o'er its brink.

From Thy high cisterns comes the rain,
Fruit of Thy works the earth shall drain,
And bring forth grass and golden grain.

Let food from out earth's bosom start;
Let bread and wine make glad the heart,
And oil a cheerfulness impart.

The fruit-bowed trees shall clothe the land,
And cedars planted by His hand
That on Libanus' shoulders stand.

The sparrow in their boughs shall nest,
The hern build in their highest crest;
Safe in the hills the hart shall rest,

The hare among the rocks shall leap,
The moon the season's time shall keep,
The sun descend unto the deep

At his own hour. The dark shall fall
At its appointed time; then all
The beasts about the wood shall call.

The young lions roaring for their prey,
Seeking their meat from God, they stray,
The sun arises; it is day.

Then gathered in their dens they lie,
And forth to labor man goes by
Till evening reddens in the sky.

O Lord, Thy work in wisdom wrought
Is great beyond the power of thought;
The earth is with thy riches fraught.

As is the sea that stretches wide
Its arms where creeping things may hide,
The ships go past upon its tide.

Thy dragons play within the sea,
And for their food they look to Thee;
Thy hand they watch expectantly.

Thy frown all creatures troubleth,
And if Thou takest away their breath,
They fail, and straight go down to death.

Thy spirit Thou shalt send abroad,
And thou shalt raise them from the sod.
Thou shalt renew the earth, O God.

Oh, praise the Lord through all the days.
He makes earth tremble at His gaze;
His touch the mountains sets ablaze.

But I will sing His praise as long
As He my being will prolong;
Yea, praise Him while I live, with song.

May I find favor in His sight,
For in the Lord is my delight;
Unjust and sinners feel His might.

PSALM 104

WITH praise and prayer we speak Thy name,
Thy deeds before all men proclaim.

We sing to Thee, and give Thee praise,
And tell of all Thy wondrous ways.

Unto His glory lift the voice,
Let those that seek the Lord rejoice.

Seek ye the Lord and strengthened be;
Strive evermore His face to see.

Remember all His wondrous deeds,
What judgment from His mouth proceeds.

O ye, His servants! Abraham's sons,
And Jacob's seed, His chosen ones,

He is our Lord and God; His word
In all the world around is heard.

Doth He His covenant forget —
His spoken word which he hath set

To roll through all the cycling years,
Words spoken unto Abraham's ears,

The oath that was to Isaac made
And as a law on Jacob laid?

To Israel as witness He
Hath said, "This land I give to thee

Of Canaan," when they were but few —
Sojourners only, passing through.

And as they passed from land to land,
None durst against them raise a hand.

Kings for their sake were brought to shame.
"Touch My anointed not, nor frame

Against my prophets evil things."
And on the land He famine brings,

And their support of bread He broke.
But Joseph passed beneath the yoke

And as a slave he passed before;
Fetters upon his feet he wore.

Of him, the iron pierced the soul
Till God released him of his dole.

Then Pharaoh raised him from disgrace
And gave him o'er his people place,

And slaves before his footsteps bend.
He makes him master to this end —

That he his wisdom might impart,
And prince and ancient learn his art.

And into Egypt, Israel came,
A stranger in the land of Cham,

And God ordained that they excel
In numbers over these that dwell

Within the land; and envy turned
Their hearts till they with hatred burned.

He sent His servant Moses then
And Aaron chosen, faithful men;

He gave them power to show the signs
And wonders that His hand designs.

He sent a darkness manifold,
According as their words foretold.

With blood their streams and brooks ran red;
The fishes died; and frogs were shed

Within the chambers of the kings.
He spoke; and flies and wingéd things

Filled all the air; and driving hail,
Instead of rain, their fields did flail.

A burning drought spread far and wide;
The vineyards and the fig trees died.

The forests broke along their coasts.
He spoke; and locusts — fearful hosts —

And bruches — countless as the sand —
Ate up the grass in all the land.

The first born of the land He slew,
The first fruits of their toil o'erthrew.

Israel brought forth, with gems and gold,
In all the tribes, none weak or old.

Egypt rejoiced when they were gone,
For fear lay great, their hearts upon.

He spread a cloud before their ways
To shield them from the sun's hot rays,

A fiery pillar gave to light
Their wandering footsteps through the night.

They asked for meat and lo! the quail
Came up to them upon the gale.

The heavens rained bread upon their road,
The stricken rock a streamlet showed.

For Moses kept the holy word
That Abraham, God's servant, heard.

So were his chosen people led
To Cana's land as He had said.

To them were given fertile lands
That they might bow to His commands.

PSALM 105

GIVE glory to the Lord, for he is good,
For His mercy endureth forever.

Who shall declare Thy power,
Or who set forth Thy praise?
And blessed are they who keep Thy word,
And justice work always.

Oh! keep us in Thy mind
When Thou wouldst mercy show,
That with Thy chosen we rejoice
And on Thee praise bestow.

We as our fathers sinned;
As they, injustice wrought;
Thy wonders done in Egypt's land
They kept not in their thought.

E'er they the Red Sea gained,
Their tongues provoked Thy wrath —
The sea whose waters heard Thy voice
And made for them a path.

He led them through the flood
Piled high on either side;
Their foes He blotted out
With the returning tide.

In faith they sang His praise,
But soon His grace forgot;
The wonders of His hand —
His counsel — heeded not.

But led by their desires,
The word of God assailed
Within that desert place
Where water to them failed.

He granted their desire
Even unto satiety.
Now Moses they provoked,
And Aaron loved of Thee.

Earth gaped, and Dathan fell
Within its open jaws,
And Abiron went to death
With all that scorned Thy laws.

Leaped in their midst a fire;
The wicked felt its flame:
Now to a calf they give
The worship due Thy name —

Unto this graven thing
(A calf that eateth grass),
Forgetful of the works
That Thou hadst brought to pass,

The plagues that Egypt scourged,
The Red Sea's awful path.
Thy scorn had blighted them,
But Moses stayed Thy wrath.

Once more didst Thou forgive,
But soon they set at naught
Thy law, and scorned Thy rule,
And wild contention wrought.

Thy voice they heeded not,
Nor Thine uplifted hand,
Upraised to overthrow
And cast them from the land.

They to that filthy god,
Beelpeghor, bowed the head,
And ate his sacrifice
That is called "of the dead."

But Phineas stayed Thy hand;
The slaughter ceased, and he
In honor will be sung
By children yet to be.

And "Contradiction's Well"
Still marks the place where they
Made Moses' wrath to burn
That his lips failed to say

The words of God's command.
And when Thou badst them blot
A people from the land,
Thy word they heeded not,

But mingled with these hordes
And learned their wicked way,
And to their idols vile
Their children did betray;

And innocence must bleed
To Canaan's gods. The land
With human blood is red,
And scorned is Thy command.

In wrath Thou mad'st them prey
To nations that despised
And hated them, and who
Afflictions sore devised.

And when their pride Thou brok'st,
Thy strong arm set them free;
But many times they fell
By their iniquity,

And many a time Thou gavest
An ear unto their prayer,
And for Thy covenant
In mercy didst them spare.

And in their captors' sight
Thou showed'st to them Thy grace.
Save us, O Lord, we pray,
And bring us to our place.

That we may praise Thee, Lord,
Oh, gather us again;
And blessed be Israel's God.
We cry, "Amen! Amen!"

PSALM 106

GIVE glory to the Lord, for He is good,
For His mercy endureth forever.

Thus let them sing who were redeemed,
Whom God snatched from the foeman's hands,
And gathered out of many lands —
From all the parts of earth they teemed.

They wandered in a wilderness,
No trace of living man they found,
And hunger struck them to the ground,
But God relieved them from distress.

He put their feet into the ways
That led them to the homes of men;
Thy mercies were Thy glory when
Thy wondrous works were shown that day.

Their craving souls Thou satisfied,
And filled them with the bread of life —
Yea, those that were with death at strife,
In bonds of want and iron tied.

Because to anger they had moved
The Lord, and had provoked His wrath,
He their proud souls with labor hath
Bent down, and all their weakness proved.

And then, Lord, did they cry to Thee,
And Thou didst lead them to the light
From out the shadows of the night;
Their bonds didst break and set them free.

Thy mercies are Thy glory, Lord;
What wonders hast Thou brought to pass:
Thy hand hath broken gates of brass,
And iron bars bend at Thy word.

Thou ledst them from the sinner's way
Where their injustice had them brought;
Of meat their souls abhorred the thought —
Death's nearing gates their hopes betray.

When beaten down in wretchedness,
They raised a cry to Thee, O Lord;
Then didst Thou heal them with Thy word,
And saved them from their sore distress.

Thy mercies, Lord, Thy glory be.
His wondrous works our hearts shall raise,
And in a sacrifice of praise
Declare His deeds in jubilee.

They who go down unto the sea
In ships, and on the waters trade,
Have seen the wonders He has made
Within the deep's immensity —

How at his word a storm arose;
The waves unto the sky were tossed,
Then down in yawning depths were lost,
While their souls knew of fear the throes.

They turned and reeled like drunken men;
The wisest were no longer wise;
They cry to God: He hears their cries,
And turns the storm to calm again.

He turns the winds to zephyrs light,
The rolling waves obey His will,
The sailors joy that they are still,
The wished for haven looms in sight.

Thy mercies are Thy glory, Lord;
We in Thy wondrous works rejoice,
And in Thy church we raise the voice;
The ancients to Him praise accord.

The deserts o'er the rivers win;
The hot sand chokes the fountain fair;
The fruitful lands are dry and bare
By reason of the people's sin.

He sows the desert plains with wells,
And from dry lands the waters spring;
And He the hungry there doth bring,
And in new towns the people dwell.

The fields they tilled; the vineyards set,
Which yielded fruit exceedingly;
Their great herds pastured far and free.
Then by destruction they were met,

And grief and evil made them few;
Their princes' heads were bowed in shame;
The people strayed till whence they came,
Or how return, that no man knew.

Unto the poor He stretched His hand,
And to Him children multiplied
As flocks upon the mountain side;
The just rejoiced in all the land.

Now vice shall hide her head in shame;
The wise shall ponder on these things,
And understand whence mercy springs,
And lift the voice to praise His name.

PSALM 107

My heart is ready, Lord,
To burst in a bloom of praise.
Let me take my harp in the morning red,
And a song to Thy glory raise;
Among Thy people Thy praise I'll sing,
And make my voice to the nations ring.

Wonderful are Thy skies;
Thy love, more wondrous still;
Thy truth to the clouds ascend.
May Thy glory the whole earth fill,
That Thy belovéd may be freed,
Thy right hand reach us in our need.

This is Thy holy word:
"With joy shall I Sicham share,
And the tabernacle vales;
Galaad and Mannasses fair
Are Mine, and Ephraim sheltereth Me,
And Moab the pot of My hope shall be,

"And Juda, he is My king.
Over Edom I stretch My shoe;
The aliens shall be My friends.
But who shall lead us through
The gates of the city? Edom strong
Into Edom's gates who shall lead the throng."

Wilt not Thou who hath cast us off,
Wilt not Thou with our armies go?
Without Thine aid in our time of need
Vain is man's against the foe.
Through our Lord can we do mighty things;
The enemy to naught He brings.

PSALM 108

BE not silent, O Lord; give me words of praise,
For the mouth of the sinner my name betrays.
Their tongues in reviling never pause;
They are fighting against me without cause.
In return for love they detracted me,
But I lifted my heart in prayer to Thee.
My goodness they paid with evil store;
For my love they hated me more and more.
Over his head let the sinner stand,
And place the devil on his right hand;
At the judgment seat may his foe o'erwin,
And may his prayer be accounted sin.
His days on earth, few mayst Thou make;
And his bishopric let another take.
May his children never their father see,
And soon may his wife a widow be;
Let his children vagabond begging roam;
May they be cast out of house and home.

Let the usurer search his substance core,
And the stranger plunder his garnered store.
Help or kindness may none him show,
Or pity his helpless orphan's woe.
May his posterity pass away
And his seed be withered in his own day.
May the sins of his father remembered be,
Nor forgotten his mother's iniquity.
Dim and dark may his memory grow,

For the sake of the mercy he did not show,
For the poor he trampled under his feet
And the broken heart down to death did beat.
Cursing he loved — let him that embrace;
He hated blessing — it flies his face.
As a raiment curses did he put on,
And into his marrow the curses run;
May they like a garment be to him,
Or like a girdle that girds him in.
This be their meed who detracteth me,
Or speak to the Lord of me evilly.
Do with me, Lord, as Thou thinkest meet
Because Thy mercy is always sweet.
I am needy and poor. Oh, set me free,
For troubled my heart is cruelly;
I fade away as the shadows pass,
Or as locusts fall in the shaken grass.
My knees are weak in fasting tried,
And the oil from out of my flesh is dried.
A scandal and a reproach am I;
They shake their heads as they pass me by.

Help me, Lord, in my hour of need;
And save, for Thy mercy is great indeed.
And let them know that this is Thy hand;
That this is Thy work let them understand.
They will curse me, but Thou wilt bless;
And Thy servant will ever Thy name confess.
Let my detractors be clothed in shame,
Confusion cloak them who give me blame.

With my mouth I will thank Him who wrought
me good,
I will praise Him before the multitude,
Because by the poor man's side was He,
And He saved my soul from the enemy.

PSALM 109

THE Lord unto my Lord hath said,
“Upon My right hand Thou shalt sit,
Till of Thy foes a stool I make,
And Thou shalt rest Thy foot on it.

“The Lord shall send Thy sceptre forth,
And Thou shalt rule among the foes;
With Thee shall kingliness abide
Until Thy day shall see its close.

“Before the daystar, from the womb
I Thee begot,” thus spake the Lord;
“E’en as Melchisedech, art thou
“A priest forever.” And His word

Is not recalled. At thy right hand
The Lord in wrath has broken kings,
For He is judge of all the lands;
His arm their pride in ruin flings.

Of many He shall crush the heads,
Whose names were great; His drink shall be
The tumbling torrent’s crystal tide;
His brow He lifteth loftily.

PSALM 110

WITH all my heart I praise the Lord,
For counsels wise His work proclaim,
And in the gatherings of the just
His wondrous deeds exalt His name.
Splendor in all His works appears,
His justice lives throughout the years.

A memory of His works He leaves,
Being a gracious God and kind,
He to His children giveth food,
His covenant He keeps in mind.
His power unto His own He shows;
The land He gives them of the foes.

Judgment and truth His hands have wrought,
And all His words are right and just;
He hath His faithful ones redeemed
Who in His promise put their trust;
His name with terror strikes the ear,
And budding wisdom is His fear.

PSALM 111

BLESSED is the man who feareth God;
His law to him is sweet,
His seed shall grow in might and power,
For He shall guide their feet.

Glory and wealth his house shall crown;
His justice shall endure;
A light shall meet him in the dark,
Whose heart is kind and pure.

For pleasant in the eyes of God
Is he who mercy shows,
And lendeth in a time of need,
To ease a brother's woes.

His words with justice shall be graced,
For he shall not be moved.
The good man's memory shall endure;
In justice he is proved.

His heart is full of hope in God,
A hope that makes him strong;
His place he keeps until he looks
O'er those who do him wrongs.

Free hath he given of his gifts
To those who were in need,
And now his justice shall endure
And glory be his meed.

The foe shall see, and gnash his teeth
In rage, and pine away.
The hopes of sinners' hearts are doomed
To wither and decay.

PSALM 112

YE little children, praise the Lord,
And bless His holy name
Forever, from the rising sun
Till setting of the same.

His name is worthy of all praise,
His sway the nations own;
Above the glory of the skies
He rears His shining throne.

Who is the Lord who dwells on high,
Who looketh down upon
The lowly things that walk the earth,
Who lifts the needy one,

Who lifts the needy from the earth,
And from the dunghill takes
The outcast, and for him a place
Among the princes makes?

Who makes the barren woman dwell
In peace and happily,
A joyful mother in her house,
With children round her knee.

PSALM 113

WHEN Israel out of Egypt went,
And Jacob's children fled their chains,
Judea was their sanctuary,
The land about was their domains.

The sea beheld and fled away,
And Jordan's waters backward rolled ;
The trembling mountains skipped like rams,
The hills like lambs within the fold.

What ails thee, sea, that thou hast fled?
O Jordan, what has turned thy tide?
Ye mountains, wherefore skip like rams? —
Ye hills, like lambs upon your side?

'Tis at Thy presence, Lord, the earth
Through all its deep foundations thrills —
Who turns the rocks to dimpling pools,
The stony slopes to sparkling rills.

Not to us, Lord, be glory given;
Let rather us Thy name applaud
For Truth's sake lest the Gentiles say
With scoffing voice, "Where is their God?"

Our God is high in heaven apart,
And whatsoe'er He wills is done ;
He is no silver god, nor gold,
That human hands have labored on —

With speechless mouths and sightless eyes,
Deaf ears, and noses dead to smell,
Hands that feel not, and useless feet,
Throats that nor joy nor fear can tell.

Let them that made them be as they,
And all that put their trust in them;
But Israel's hope is in the Lord,
And He will help and not condemn.

And Aaron's house has hoped in Him;
He will protect them and defend;
And all who fear and trust the Lord,
He is their helper and their friend.

The Lord hath had us in His mind
In blessing; Israel hath he blessed,
And Aaron's house, and all who fear
And praise His name, the least and best.

And may the Lord in blessing look
Upon you and your seed to be;
And blesséd be ye of the Lord
Whose hand hath formed infinity.

High heaven is for the Lord our God;
He unto men the earth did give.
The dead Thy praises cannot speak;
But let us bless Thy name, who live.

PSALM 114

I LIVE, for God hath heard my prayer,
He hath inclined His ear,
And ever will I call His name.
The woes of death were near,

The perils of hell had come on me,
And troubles I had met ;
I called upon the name of God
To save me from their net.

The Lord is merciful and good,
And children are His care ;
When I was humbled in the dust,
He saved me from their snare.

Turn, O my soul, unto thy rest.
God's mercies cover thee,
For He hath saved my soul from death,
Mine eyes from tears made free,

My wayward feet unto His path
Hath led and set them sure ;
Oh, may I praise Him all the days
That my life may endure !

PSALM 115

I BELIEVE, and therefore speak:
Humbled am I in the mire;
I have said in my day of wrath,
That every man is a liar.

What shall I render to God
For the gifts He hath given me?
I shall take the cup of grace,
And cry out in prayer to Thee.

Let me pay my vows to Thee
Before the people's eyes.
Oh! precious in Thy sight
Is the death Thy servant dies.

I am Thy handmaid's son;
Thy power hath made me free;
I sacrifice to Thy praise,
And I lift my hands to Thee

With offerings to Thy praise,
And I call upon Thy name.
In the people's sight — in Jerusalem —
Thy praises will I proclaim.

PSALM 116

PRAISE the Lord, ye nations all,
Every tribe and tongue.
All ye people, lift the voice;
Let a song be sung.

On us was His mercy proved,
And His truth shall never
Fail us as the ages run,
Forever and forever.

PSALM 117

GIVE praise to God, for He is good;
His mercy faileth never.
Let Israel say, "His mercy stands
Forever and forever."

The house of Aaron now may say,
"His mercy faileth never,
And they who fear Him trust His word
Forever and forever."

In my day of grief I called the Lord,
And He listened to my plea;
He is my helper. Shall I fear
What man can do to me?

My helper is He; He raised me up
That I look o'er my foes.
'Tis better to place your trust in God
Than confide in man your woes.

It is better to put our trust
In God than the noblest king.
When the nations compassed me round,
His name did victory bring.

They swarmed on me like bees,
As fire among thorns they burned;
In His name was I avenged;
Being pushed, I was overturned —

Overtured that I might fall —
But the Lord, He supported me.
My helper and strength, my praise
And my salvation is He.

In the temples of the just
Is the voice of rejoicing and praise;
With the right hand of God is strength;
With His right hand He did me raise.

I shall not die, but live;
I shall live to declare His might;
Chastising He hath chastised,
But He saved me from death and night.

Ye gates of justice, ope,
That I may walk therein;
This is the gate of the Lord,
But the just may enter in.

Glory I give to Thee,
For my salvation art Thou;
The stone the builders rejected
Is the head of the corner now.

This is the work of God,
It is wonderful in our eyes.
This is the day He hath made;
Let our voices in song arise.

Save us, Lord ; give us good success,
Who comes, blessed be His name ;
From the temple we have Thee blessed ;
And the light of His glory came.

On us let His glory shine ;
Oh, appoint a solemn day ;
With shady boughs, to the altar horns,
Let us make the temple gay.

Thou art God ; we will praise Thy name ;
My God, I will praise Thee ever.
Praise Him, for He is good,
And His mercy endureth forever.

PSALM 118

ALEP

BLESSED is the man who, undefiled,
Walks in Thy ways, O Lord;
And with his whole heart strives to know
And understand Thy word.

For those who work iniquity
Have not walked in Thy way,
And Thy commandments must be kept
With diligence each day.

O that my path may be inclined
Unto Thy holy laws;
Nor, when I look on Thy commands,
May I for shame have cause.

Thou shall I praise with upright heart,
And Thou shalt to me make
The justice of Thy judgments known;
Lord, do not me forsake.

BETH

By study of Thy word alone
Can youth correct his way.
With all my heart I seek Thee, Lord;
Let me not from Thee stray.

Thy word within my heart I hide,
Lest I should stray from Thee,

But I shall bless the Lord whose law
He maketh plain to me.

And with my lips let me pronounce
The judgments of Thy mind.
More pleasure brings Thy law to me
Than I in riches find.

And on them will I meditate,
And ponder well Thy ways,
And keep Thy judgments in my heart,
And Thy words all my days.

GIMEL

Oh, bountifully give me grace
And I shall keep Thy word;
And open Thou mine eyes to see
Thy wondrous law, O Lord.

I am a stranger here on earth;
Hide not from me Thy laws;
A longing for Thy triumph, Lord,
My soul forever draws.

The proud Thou casteth in the dust;
Accursed are they who sin;
Remove from me reproach and shame;
Thy knowledge I would win.

For princes sat and me defamed,
While, zealous for Thy sake,

I meditate upon Thy laws
And from them counsel take.

DALETH

My soul hath cleaved unto the earth.
Give ear unto my plea ;
I have confessed, and Thou hast heard,
Oh, teach Thy laws to me.

Make me to understand Thy ways,
And I shall work with zeal.
I slumber, Lord ; but at Thy word
My soul shall live and feel.

Remove my path from ways of sin ;
By Thy law, show me grace.
The way of truth, it is my choice,
And time shall not efface

Thy law, for firm I stand.
Let shame from me depart,
For Thy commandments are my ways,
And Thou wilt give me heart.

HE

Lord, set before me Thy command
And I will seek it ever ;
Oh, give me light to search Thy laws ;
Let me transgress it never.

Let my path be within Thy word,
I have desired the same;
And let me not from Thee decline
A neighbor's goods to claim.

And turn mine eyes from foolish things;
Make quick in me Thy law;
Thy word establish in my heart;
May I live in Thine awe.

Take from me the reproach I dread;
Thy law is my delight,
And for Thy precepts I have longed;
Lord, quicken me in right.

HETH

O Lord, my Portion, I have said
That I would keep Thy word.
Before Thy face I kneel and pray;
Show me Thy mercy, Lord,

Upon Thy ways I meditate,
And turn my feet toward Thee.
I'm ready, Lord, and not afraid;
Give Thy commands to me.

When cords of wicked men ensnare,
Thy law it is my stay;
And for thy judgment and Thy word
I rise at night to pray.

Make me as one with those who fear
And keep Thy holy word.
The earth is with Thy mercy filled;
Teach me Thy law, O Lord.

TETH

Well hast Thou done for me, O Lord;
Thy word hath not deceived;
Teach me Thy truth and discipline;
Thy laws have I believed.

Before my pride was bent, I sinned;
But now I keep Thy word,
For Thou art good and Thou wilt teach
What with Thy laws accord.

The wrongs of sinners press me down,
But I will turn to Thee.
As curdled milk, so are their hearts;
Thy laws my thought shall be.

'Tis good that Thou hast humbled me,
That Thou mightst be my guide,
For dearer are Thy laws to me
Than gold or silver tried.

JOD

Thou who hast formed me, give me light
To understand Thy laws.
Thy servants shall rejoice in me,
So greatly Thy hope draws.

I know, Lord, that Thy laws are just ;
Thou bendst me to the truth ;
But Thou, according to Thy word,
Wilt comfort in Thy ruth.

Let Thy sweet mercies quicken me,
My thoughts are of Thy word.
Let proud ones blush that do me wrong,
But let me serve the Lord.

Let those who fear Thee be my friends,
And those who know Thy name ;
Make my heart pure before Thy laws,
And save my soul from shame.

CAPH

My soul hath hungered for Thy word,
And I have hoped in Thee.
Mine eyes failed, searching for Thy laws ;
When wilt Thou succor me ?

I'm as a bottle in the frost,
But still Thy laws I keep.
How many are the days e'er Thou
Thy judgment on them heap.

The wicked have me fables told —
Not truth, as are Thy laws ;
And they have persecuted me.
Do Thou assist my cause.

They almost made my life to end,
But I Thy laws still hold.
Make me to live and keep Thy word,
Through mercy manifold.

LAMED

Forevermore in heaven, O Lord,
Thy word stands firm and sure ;
The earth is founded by Thy hands,
And so it shall endure.

By Thy commands day goeth on,
For all things wait on Thee ;
'Twas meditation on Thy law
Saved me from misery.

Thy laws I ever have in mind,
For life to me they gave.
And I have sought Thy word, O Lord ;
Thy servant Thou wilt save.

The wicked set their nets for me,
But Thy laws were my guide.
Perfection ever crowns Thy word ;
Thy laws reach far and wide.

MEM

How I have loved Thy laws, O Lord,
My thoughts through all the days.
It makes me wise above my foes,
And ever by me stays.

Above my teachers, I am wise
From thinking on Thy word ;
More than the ancients do I know
Because Thy law I heard.

I kept my feet from evil ways
That I might follow Thee,
Nor have I from Thy laws declined ;
A guide they were to me.

Thy word than honey is more sweet,
The honeycomb within.
By Thy commandments I am wise,
And hate the path of sin.

NUN

Thy word is to my feet a lamp
And to my path a guide,
And I have sworn Thy laws to keep
And by Thy word abide.

I have been trodden in the dust,
But quicken me, O Lord ;
The offerings of my mouth accept,
And make me know Thy word.

My soul is ever in Thy hands,
Thy teachings in my mind ;
The foe lays snares, but from Thy law
My heart has not declined.

The law is my inheritance,
I purchased it from Thee,
For I have turned unto Thy word
My heart most earnestly.

SAMECH

The sinner I have hated, Lord;
Thy laws are dear to me.
Thou art my helper and my friend;
My hope is all in Thee.

Oh, leave me, ye malignant ones,
That I may search His word.
Be Thou my strength, and I shall live;
Cast me not off, O Lord.

Oh, help me and I shall be saved;
Unto Thy word I turn;
But they who fail to keep Thy laws,
For their crime shalt Thou spurn.

I count as liars those who sin;
With joy Thy law I hear;
I tremble at Thy judgments: pierce
My heart with righteous fear.

AIN

I walked, O Lord, within Thy laws;
Let me not slandered be,
Uphold Thy servant unto good,
From sinners' tongues make free.

In seeking Thee mine eyes are tired ;
And for Thy word of right,
Deal with me in Thy mercy, Lord,
And to my soul give light.

For I Thy servant am, O Lord ;
Let me Thy knowledge taste ;
The time is come to act, for they
Thy laws are laying waste.

Thy laws I love o'er gems and gold,
Therefore art Thou my guide
To Thy commandments I shall ne'er
In ways of sin abide.

PHE

Thy laws are wonderful, O Lord ;
My soul doth for them seek ;
They give light unto little ones,
When Thou dost to them speak.

I panted for Thy wisdom, Lord,
And longing on me came,
But Thou wilt mercy show to me
As one who loves Thy name.

Direct my feet within Thy ways ;
Let not sin master me ;
Redeem from calumnies of men,
And keep me true to Thee.

Make Thy face shine in love on me ;
Teach me to sing Thy praise.
Mine eyes like springs burst forth because
I have not kept Thy ways.

SADE

Justice and Thou art one, O Lord ;
Thy will is right to me ;
Thy justice, Lord, doth Thou command,
And truth exceedingly.

In zeal, O Lord, I pine away
When foes forget Thy word,
For with the thrice refined gold
Do Thy commands accord.

I am of low esteem, and young,
But Thy words crown my youth ;
Thy justice is forever just ;
Thy laws, the laws of truth.

Though grief and pain have pierced my heart,
Thy laws shall feed my mind.
Give me to understand Thy word,
And I shall comfort find.

COPH

With all my heart I cry to Thee ;
I seek Thy law, O Lord ;
I cry to Thee that Thou mayst save,
And make me keep Thy word.

Before the dawn I cry to Thee,
For Thy words are my stay;
I meditated on Thy laws
Before the dawn of day.

According to Thy mercy hear;
May Thy word quicken me,
Because Thy foes forget Thy laws
And seek iniquity.

But Thou art near, and all Thy ways,
O Lord, are ways of truth;
And I have known and loved Thy law —
Yea, from my very youth.

RES

See my humiliation, Lord,
For still I keep the laws;
And quicken me for Thy name's sake;
And judging, judge my cause.

Salvation take from those who sin —
They have not sought to know
Thy laws; but in Thy judgment, Lord,
Me grace and mercy show.

The many persecute me, Lord;
But I Thy laws have kept.
I saw the sinner scorn Thy word,
And in my zeal, I wept.

But I have loved Thy word, O Lord ;
Thy mercy to me show,
For truth is ever in Thy words,
Thy judgments justice know.

SIN

Princes have persecuted me ;
Thy words have awed my heart.
They bring me joy, as when we share
In wondrous spoils a part.

Iniquity have I abhorred,
But I Thy laws have loved ;
Seven times a day I give Thee praise,
Thy justice has been proved.

Much peace have they who love the law ;
No stumbling block they fear.
Salvation is my hope in Thee ;
Thy laws I love to hear.

My soul has kept Thy law, O Lord ;
And I have loved Thee well,
And Thy commandments I have kept,
For in Thy sight I dwell.

TAU

Lord, let my supplications rise ;
Thy light to me accord ;
Let my request before Thee come,
And save me by Thy word.

My lips shall utter hymns to Thee
When Thou shalt teach Thy ways ;
My tongue shall gladly speak Thy word
And all Thy judgments praise.

Mine instant helper be Thy hand,
Thy precepts be my part.
I long for Thy salvation, Lord ;
Thy laws are in my heart.

My soul shall live to give Thee praise ;
Thy judgments are my guide.
A wandering sheep, I roam astray ;
But lead me by Thy side.

PSALM 119

LORD, unto Thee I cried
And Thou didst hear my cry,
And Thou my soul wilt save
From lips and tongues that lie.

And what shall be your meed,
Ye of the lying hearts?
On you hot coals shall rain,
On you shall shower the darts.

Oh, woe, that in the land
Prolonged must be my stay,
Among the people of Cedar
My lonely soul must stray.

With them that hated peace,
In peace have I sojourned ;
And for my words of love
They have me blows returned.

PSALM 120

I LIFTED mine eyes to the mountains
From whence shall come my aid ;
He is my help and succour
Whose hand the world has made.

May He keep my feet in His pathway ;
May His eyes close not in sleep ;
He may neither doze nor slumber
Who Israel's watch doth keep.

The Lord is thy help and keeper,
He gives thy right hand might ;
The sun by day shall not burn thee,
Nor the moon's rays hurt by night.

He keepeth thy soul from evil
And watcheth all thy ways ;
Thou shalt come and go before Him
Through all thy length of days.

PSALM 121

I REJOICE in the things that were said to me:
To the temple let us go;
Let our feet be set in Jerusalem,
Builded strongly against the foe.

For thither the pledge of Israel —
His tribes — came to give Him praise;
And they sat in the seats of judgment
Of David's house these days.

Pray ye for peace for Jerusalem;
Let abundance her servants crown;
Let thy strength be the strength peace bringeth,
And plenty fill tower and town.

For the sake of my people and kindred
I have prayed for peace for thee;
And because of the holy temple,
I make, O Lord, my plea.

PSALM 122

To Thee have I lifted mine eyes, Lord
Who dwelleth in heaven high.
As upon the hands of the master
Is fixed the servant's eye,

And as the eyes of the handmaid
On her mistress' hands are bent,
So are our eyes upon Thee
Until that Thou dost relent.

Have mercy, Lord; have mercy!
We are filled with contumely,
Bowed in shame; a reproach to the rich,
A contempt to the proud, are we.

PSALM 123

IF Thou hadst not been with us, Lord —
Let Israel now declare —
When man rose up against us strong,
If we were not Thy care,

Perhaps they might have swallowed us
All living as we stood,
When in their wrath they bore us down,
Or drowned us in the flood.

Our souls have passed through torrents;
They passed — but who can say,
If Thou hadst not been with us, Lord,
What power the floods could stay?

Blessed be the Lord that saved us,
And from their teeth did spare;
Our souls were saved as sparrows
From out the hunter's snare.

The snare is broken! To the Lord
Let us give glad acclaim.
Lord who the heavens hath builded,
Praise to Thy holy name.

PSALM 124

As firm as Sion's mount he stands
Who trusteth, Lord, in Thee ;
Who dwelleth in Jerusalem,
He shall not movéd be.

As mountains rise about her,
So, Lord, Thine arm is cast
In loving care round Israel
As long as time shall last.

Must sinners' rods forever
Upon Thy just ones rain,
Lest that their hands, forgetting,
Reach out toward wrong again?

Do good to those who love Thee —
Unto the just of heart ;
But those of sin the bondsmen,
They, Lord, shall feel Thy smart.

PSALM 125

WHEN Thou didst break the yoke, Lord,
And set the captives free,
Our mouths were filled with gladness;
In joy we sang of Thee.

We said, "Among the Gentiles
Great things the Lord hath wrought."
Our lives were filled with gladness;
Our days with joy were fraught.

But let the foe rush on, Lord,
Strong as the river's flow,
For we shall reap in joy, Lord,
What we in tears did sow.

Behold, they went out weeping,
The seed in tears they cast;
Their coming in was joyful —
With well filled sheaves they passed.

PSALM 126

UNLESS the Lord the house hath built,
Vain is the builder's art ;
Unless the city is His care,
Vain is the watcher's part.

'Tis vain to rise before the light.
Rise, ye who sit and weep,
Who eat in sorrow, for He gives
To His belovéd sleep.

And children are the boon of God ;
As darts when strong hands guide,
So is the children's help to those
Whose hearts the Lord has tried.

Blessed is the man whose children stand
In numbers round his knee ;
Confusion shall not rule his tongue
Before the enemy.

PSALM 127

Oh, blessed are they who fear the Lord,
Who walk within His ways.
The labor of thy hands is thine;
Blessed art thou all thy days.

Thy wife is as a fruitful vine
That on thy house doth cling;
Thy children, like young olive plants,
Thy table do enring.

Behold! how blesséd is the man
Who fears the Lord. On thee
May blessings out of Sion shower;
Mayst thou all good things see —

The good things of Jerusalem.
May peace bless all thy days;
Mayst thou thy children's children see,
And Israel, peace always.

PSALM 128

FROM youth they fought against me, Lord;
How oft, let Israel say.
From youth they fought against me,
But I was ne'er their prey.

Behind my back they plotted,
They spread iniquity;
But Thou, O Lord, wilt cut their necks;
Let them confounded be.

Let them as grass on housetops
Be withered as they stand;
For it no mower reaches,
It fills no gleaner's hand.

No word of praise upon it
Will speak the passerby,
And none will breathe to bless it,
The name of God most high.

PSALM 129

Out of the depth I have cried ;
I have cried, O Lord, to Thee.
Wilt Thou not hear my voice ;
Wilt Thine ears inattentive be ?

If Thou wilt mark our sins,
Who shall in Thy sight be clean ?
But mercy and grace are Thine,
And our hope on Thy law we lean.

And by that law my soul
Hath waited on Thee, O Lord ;
My hope is in His name,
My soul relies on His word.

From the red of morn till eve
Let Israel hope in Thee ;
In His mercy He shall redeem,
And save from iniquity.

PSALM 130

My heart is not filled with pride,
Nor lifted mine eyes in scorn,
Nor have I walked in ways
Unto which I was not born.

Low of mind but high of soul;
As the child in the weaning yearns
For the mother's breasts, for heaven I sigh.
To the Lord let Israel turn.

PSALM 131

REMEMBER David's meekness, Lord;
And how to Jacob's God he vows,
"I shall not go into my house,
Nor seek in sleep my toil's reward;

"No slumber shall my senses bind,
Nor shall mine eyes be closed in sleep,
Nor rest my throbbing temples steep,
Until a home for Thee I find.

"In Ephrata our young ears heard
About the ark; now it is found
In Cariathariam, wooded round;
Here shall an altar be prepared.

"Rise, Lord; come to Thy dwelling place —
Thou, and the ark which Thou hast blessed;
In justice shall Thy priests be dressed,
And saints be joyful in Thy grace."

For David's sake turn not away
Of thine Anointed One the face;
The Lord hath sworn, "Of thy race
One from thy throne shall nations sway.

"And if thy children keep My word —
My covenant unto them shown —
Their race shall sit upon the throne
Forevermore." Thus saith the Lord.

For He hath chosen Sion's hill
Because He loveth Sion well,
And it shall be His place to dwell,
According to His holy word.

From Sion's hill I lay my hand
In blessing on the widow's head,
And satisfy her poor with bread;
Her priests the law shall understand.

Her holy ones with joy shall sing;
A horn to David I will raise;
That my anointed's feet the ways
May know, a burning lamp I bring.

PSALM 132

How good it is where peace doth be,
And brothers live in harmony ;
Like odor from the ointment shed
That glistening ran on Aaron's head,
The oil that ran adown his beard
And on his garment's skirts appeared ;
Or like to Hermon's honey dew
That Sion's purpling slopes anew
Make smile. The Lord will bless with life
Her children who are free from strife.

PSALM 133

Lo ! bless the Lord, all ye who wait,
All ye who stand without the gate.
And when night's veils in darkness dress
The land, lift up your hands and bless.
May He lean out from Sion's wall
And bless thee, who is Lord of all.

PSALM 134

THE name of God let Israel praise,
 And let a song her servants raise;
 All ye within His courts that dwell,
 In chorus make His praises swell;
 For Jacob is His chosen one,
 And Israel He hath made His own.
 For I have known the Lord is great;
 Above all men is His estate;
 His will, it is done speedily
 In heaven, on earth, and in the sea.
 He draws the clouds in endless train,
 His lightning flashes through the rain,
 The winds come forth at His command,
 The firstborn fell beneath His hand
 Of man and beast, and in that day
 His signs and wonders wrought dismay
 On Pharaoh and on Pharaoh's horde,
 And monarchs fell beneath His sword —
 As fell Sehon, the Amorrhite,
 And Basan's king, slain in his might.
 He unto Israel gave their lands;
 His name through all the ages stands.
 The Lord is judge, and He will hear
 When their entreaties reach His ear.
 The Gentiles' idols are of gold;
 The hands of men their features mold;
 They stand dumb-mouthéd, silently;
 Eyes have they, but they cannot see;

And no sound reaches their dull ear,
No breathing at the lips appear.
Let them that made them like them be,
And those that trust in aught but Thee.
But thou, O Israel, bless the Lord,
And Aaron's house with thee accord.
Let Levi lift the voice in praise;
Blessed be the Lord in all His ways.

PSALM 135

PRAISE the Lord, for He is good ;
His mercy faileth never.
Praise Him, for His mercy stands
Forever and forever.

God of gods and Lord of lords !
Behold His works, and wonder.
The heavens were fashioned by His hands,
The earth, and waters under.

The sun He formed to rule the day,
The moon at night prevailing ;
Egypt He smote in her firstborn,
And filled the land with wailing.

He led forth Israel from their midst,
His right hand guiding surely ;
And through the Red Sea's cloven flood
Brought them to land securely.

He Pharaoh's hurrying hosts o'erthrew,
And through the desert leading,
He vanquished all within their path,
Against strong kings succeeding.

Sehon, the Amorrhite, He slew ;
And Og to death was given ;
And for His followers the land
From Basan's hands was riven.

And when affliction was their lot,
In mind He held them ever ;
He giveth food unto all flesh,
Blessed be His name forever.

Give glory to the heavenly King ;
His mercy faileth never.
Give glory to the Lord of lords
Forever and forever.

PSALM 136

WE sat by the rivers of Babylon
And our tears fell down like rain;
We wept, remembering Sion
And the far Judean plain.

We hung our harps on the willows,
For our captors, pleasuring,
Asked for words of the songs of Sion,
And desired that we should sing.

How can we sing to strangers
Our words of praise to Thee?
Jerusalem, if I forget thee,
May my hand forgotten be.

Let my tongue, should I forget thee,
Be to my jaws made fast,
For art thou not, Jerusalem,
Of my joys the first and last.

The Edomite remember.
In Jerusalem's day of grace
Their cry was, "Raze it! Raze it —
To the last stone of its base."

O Babylon, godforsaken!
Blest is He that shall repay,
Who dashes on rocks thy little ones
When comes the reckoning day.

PSALM 137

THEE will I praise with all my heart,
For Thou hast heard my word ;
And I will sing aloud Thy praise
Before the angels, Lord ;
And toward the temple Thee proclaim,
And glory give unto Thy name.

Thy mercy and Thy truth, O Lord,
Thy name have magnified ;
When I have called Thee, Thou hast heard,
And strength was multiplied.
May all the kings of earth give praise,
For they have heard and known Thy ways.

And let them sing Thy wonders, Lord
Who looketh from on high,
Who knows the proud one from afar,
The lowly passing by.
Should enemies surround my path,
Thy hand shall shield me from their wrath.

PSALM 138

LORD, Thou hast known and proved my ways,
The ins and outs of all my days.
No distance hid my thoughts from Thee,
My path Thine eye couldst ever see.
My works and ways hast Thou foreseen
Although my tongue has silent been.
Of all things, Lord, thou art aware;
The last and first to Thee lie bare;
This frame of mine was formed by Thee.
Thy knowledge wondrous is to me,
Beyond my reach it soareth high;
Where from Thy spirit can I fly
And from Thy face where can I flee?
If heaven I seek, Thou meetest me;
If hell, I feel Thy presence there;
If winged I cleave the morning air
And seek the utmost bounds of sea,
There shall Thy hand be leading me.
I said, "In night shall I abide;
My pleasures in the darkness hide":
No darkness unto Thee brings night;
Thine is the dark and Thine the light.
But Thou hast held my inmost heart
Since I from out the womb did start.
Before Thy greatness, Lord, I fear;
My soul shall praise Thee and revere!
My very bones are bare to Thee;
Thou didst them form in secrecy,

My substance borrowed from the earth;
Thine eyes beheld e'er I had birth.
In Thy book all shall written be;
Days shall be formed for vacancy.
Lord, honored are Thy friends by me;
Their power grows strong exceedingly;
Their number I desire to know,
Above the sea sands they shall grow.
I rise up, and am with Thee still,
If Thou the wicked, Lord, should kill.
Ye men of blood, from me depart,
Because they say within their heart,
"Thy cities we receive in vain."
Who hate Thee, Lord, I hate again;
I pine away, Lord, in my zeal,
And perfect hatred for them feel,
And now mine enemies are they.
But prove me, Lord, and know my way;
See if I seek iniquity;
And lead me in the way to Thee.

PSALM 139

FROM evil men deliver me,
From the unjust rescue;
Iniquities do they devise,
And wars, the long day through.

Like serpents they make sharp the tongue;
Beneath their lips they hide
The venom of the asp. O Lord,
Keep me close to Thy side.

From evil men deliver me;
Traps for me they have set;
The proud ones lay their snares for me
And spread for me the net.

A stumblingblock within the way
They place to catch my feet;
Thou art my God, and Thou wilt hear
My voice when I entreat.

O Lord! Lord! my salvation's strength,
Thy wings have sheltered me.
In days of conflict reach Thy hand,
That I may saved be.

The wicked plot against me, Lord;
But be Thou with me found,
Lest they should triumph, and their chiefs
Encompass me around.

Their tongues shall be their overthrow ;
Hot coals shall on them rain ;
And plunged in fire, their miseries
They can no more sustain.

Uncertain are the ways of those
Who take delight in speech,
And evil the unjust pursue,
Destruction shall them reach.

I know Thou shalt do justice, Lord ;
The poor avenge with might.
The just shall glorify Thy name
And dwell within Thy sight.

PSALM 140

WITH men who evil do
I will not have a part —
Not with the choicest few.
He who is pure of heart
In mercy may reprove,
But let no sinner's art

Its oily flattery pour
Upon my simple head.
My prayers forever more
Against their hopes are said ;
Their chiefs as ship upon a rock
In death are swallowéd.

They my word shall hear,
For they succeeded well ;
As sods upon the mere,
So by the gates of hell
Our bones are scattered, Lord ;
In shades of death we dwell.

On Thee mine eyes are set ;
I put my trust in Thee ;
Oh, keep me from the net
Their hands have laid for me ;
From stumbling blocks of those who sin
Let Thou my refuge be.

PSALM 141

I HAVE cried to Thee with my voice,
With my voice I cried to Thee ;
In Thy sight I poured my prayers
And the sorrows that compass me.

Thou didst come when my spirit failed.
They have hidden snares for me ;
I looked to the right and left,
And none that knew me did me see.

Flight had failed me, Lord ;
My soul was adrift on the wave
Of temptation : I cried to Thee,
And Thou of Thy ruth didst save.

My supplication hear,
For I am brought very low ;
From my persecutors save
Or they shall me overthrow.

My soul out of prison bring,
That I may give praise to Thee.
The just are waiting, Lord,
Until Thou rewardest me.

PSALM 142

LORD, hear my cry; give ear to me,
For to Thee have I cried.
Sit not in judgment; in Thy sight
No man is justified.

The foe has persecuted me
And brought me down to earth,
And made me in the dark to dwell
As those who sit with death.

My spirit is in agony;
My heart within is sore;
I meditate upon Thy works
And on the days of yore.

Upon Thy works I meditate,
And stretch my hands to Thee;
As water to the thirsting earth,
So art Thou, Lord, to me.

Hear me; my spirit faints away.
Thy mercy to me send,
Lest I become like one of those
Who to the pit descend.

May Thy grace come at red of morn;
My hope in Thee I place.
Show me wherein that I should walk,
And turn to me Thy grace.

I flee to Thee in terror, Lord;
Teach me to do Thy will.
Thou art my God, and Thy right hand
Shall lead my spirit still.

For Thy name's sake inspire my soul
With justice, and bring me
From troubles safe, and cut them off
Who serve the enemy.

PSALM 143

BLESSED be the Lord who taught my hands
To fight, my fingers trained to war!
My mercy, comfort, and support,
My refuge and deliverer.
My helper, I have hoped in Thee
Who brings my people under me.

Lord, what is man that Thou makest known
Thyself unto his sinful mind?
Who is the son of man that Thou
Wouldst in him any interest find?
Man is like vanity; his day
As wavering shadows fades away.

Lord, bow the heavens, and straight descend.
But touch the mountains; they shall smoke.
Send forth Thy lightning; they shall fall,
A scattered heap, beneath its stroke.
Shoot down Thine arrows like the rain;
For shelter they shall look in vain.

Put forth Thy hand from heaven's high gate
And save us from the roaring flood.
Oh, save from those strange children's hands
Whose mouths take evil as their food,
Whose mouths speak naught but vanity,
Whose right hands serve iniquity.

Oh, let me, Lord, a new song raise —
A new song for the psaltery;
And on a ten stringed instrument,
A canticle I'll sing to Thee
Who gives salvation to the kings,
And succour unto David brings.

Me from strange children's hands rescue,
Whose mouths speak only vanity —
Those children strange whose hands are still
The right hand of iniquity,
Whose sons as olives flourish fair,
Whose daughters shine in jewels rare.

Their storehouses with grain o'erflow;
Their sheepfolds with young lambs abound;
Their oxen fat, their walls secure;
No brawlings in their streets are found.
Men, happiness to them accord;
More blessed are they who praise the Lord.

PSALM 144

OH, let me praise the Lord, my king,
And bless His name forever;
His name in blessing let me speak,
Nor cease His praises ever.
O Lord, Thy greatness we commend,
Great forever without end.

The generations Thee shall praise,
All men Thy power declare;
And of Thy glory they shall speak,
And all Thy works lay bare.
Thy awful acts, with paling cheek,
Thy fearful splendor, they shall speak.

And they Thy sweetness shall make known,
They shall rejoice in Thee.
The Lord is good and merciful;
He waiteth patiently;
Gentle is He to those who call;
His mercies sweet are over all.

Let all Thy works, Lord, bless Thy name,
And let Thy saints give praise,
And of Thy glories they shall speak,
And wonder at Thy ways —
To make Thy might to all be known —
The wonders of Thy kingdom shown.

Thy kingdom is from age to age,
And Thy dominion shall endure;
The Lord is faithful to His word,
And all His words are pure.
Who falls, He lifteth in His arms;
The outcast will He save from harms.

The eyes of all are turned on Thee,
For by Thee are we fed.
Above all living things Thy hands
In blessing, Lord, are spread.
The Lord is faithful in His ways;
Holy His works in all His days.

The Lord is nigh to them that call,
And He their prayers shall hear;
He keepeth all that loveth Him;
The wicked shall Him fear:
My mouth, O Lord, shall speak Thy praise,
And bless Thy name through all my days.

PSALM 145

PRAISE the Lord, my soul;
Make my life praise to Thee;
Thy glory I shall sing
As long as I shall be!
Thy trust place in no prince of earth,
For he like thee must bow to death.

Blessed is he whose help
In Jacob's God is found
Who mad'st earth and sea
And all that there abound,
Who judgeth wrong, and keepeth truth,
And feeds the hungry in His ruth.

The just He loveth well;
The fettered He sets free;
The weak He lifteth up;
And gives the blind to see;
And strangers of His kindness share;
Widows and orphans are His care.

The ways of sin He hates;
He sinners shall destroy.
The Lord our God shall reign,
And give us peace and joy.
O Lord our God, Thy reign shall be
Through all time and eternity.

PSALM 146

PRAISE ye the Lord. A psalm is good ;
Do joyful and well your part ;
Sion shall rise beneath His hands,
And her tribes He shall gather from many lands.
He shall heal their broken hearts,
Who telleth the number of all the stars,
And calleth them each by name.
Great is the Lord ; His power is great ;
And none can His wisdom estimate.
The sinner He brings to shame.

Sing to the Lord a song of praise ;
Strike the harp with a joyful sound ;
He draweth the clouds in a sweeping train,
And they make for the earth the basins of rain,
And the grass and the herbs abound.
He giveth even to beasts their food ;
He hears the young ravens' cries ;
The strength of the horse He doth not heed,
Nor pleasure take in man for his speed,
But the heart that on Him relies.

PSALM 147

PRAISE the Lord, Jerusalem ;
O Sion ! give Him praise ;
For He thy gates hath strengthened well,
Thy children blessed that in thee dwell,
And filled with peace thy days.

He feeds thee on the fat of corn,
His voice fills earth's far ends,
And like the wool He sends the snows,
The mists as ashes wide He throws,
And hail swift driving sends.

And who shall stand before His cold —
Yet at His word it fails,
And soft gales blow, and waters run.
His word He spoke to Isaac's son ;
O'er earth that word prevails.

PSALM 148

FROM the heavens praise the Lord;
Praise Him in the places high;
Praise Him, dwellers of the sky.
Sun and moon and stars of light,
Ye heavens that lie within His sight,
In His praises all accord;
For He spoke and ye were made,
On ye His decrees were laid —
Ye created by His word.

From the earth lift up your praise;
Praise Him, dragons, and ye deep —
Fire, hail, ice, and winds that keep
His commands. Ye mounts and hills,
Firs and cedars, sparkling rills,
All ye beasts that pasture graze,
Serpent, bird, and earthly king,
Prince and judge, unto Him bring
Glory; all your voices raise.

Youths and maidens pour your song;
Together old and young rejoice,
To His fame lift up your voice.
Let His name exalted be,
His fame transcends earth, sky and sea.
Lift His name in chorus strong;
Israel's horn on high He hung.
A hymn to all her saints be sung,
Let Israel's tribes around Him throng.

PSALM 149

LET us sing a new song to the Lord;
In His church let us raise the voice;
Let the children of Sion be glad in their King,
And Israel in Him rejoice.

Let them praise His name in a choir,
On timbrel and psaltery,
For the Lord with His people is pleased,
And the meek shall exalted be.

And the saints shall rejoice in His name,
And be joyful upon their bed.
Thy praise shall be in their mouths,
And the two-edged sword shall be red

With the blood of the nations proud,
And their princes fettered shall be,
For so shall Thy word be done,
And Thy glory the saints shall see.

PSALM 150

PRAISE Him in His holy place,
In the heavens praise the Lord;
Praise Him in His acts and deeds,
To His glory give your meeds.
Praise Him with the trumpets sound,
Harp and psaltery, round on round;
With the timbrel give Him praise;
Let the choir their voices raise;
Sounding strings declare His praise on,
Swell the organ's diapason.
Praise Him on loud cymbals ringing,
Notes of joy and gladness bringing;
Let every spirit praise accord.





